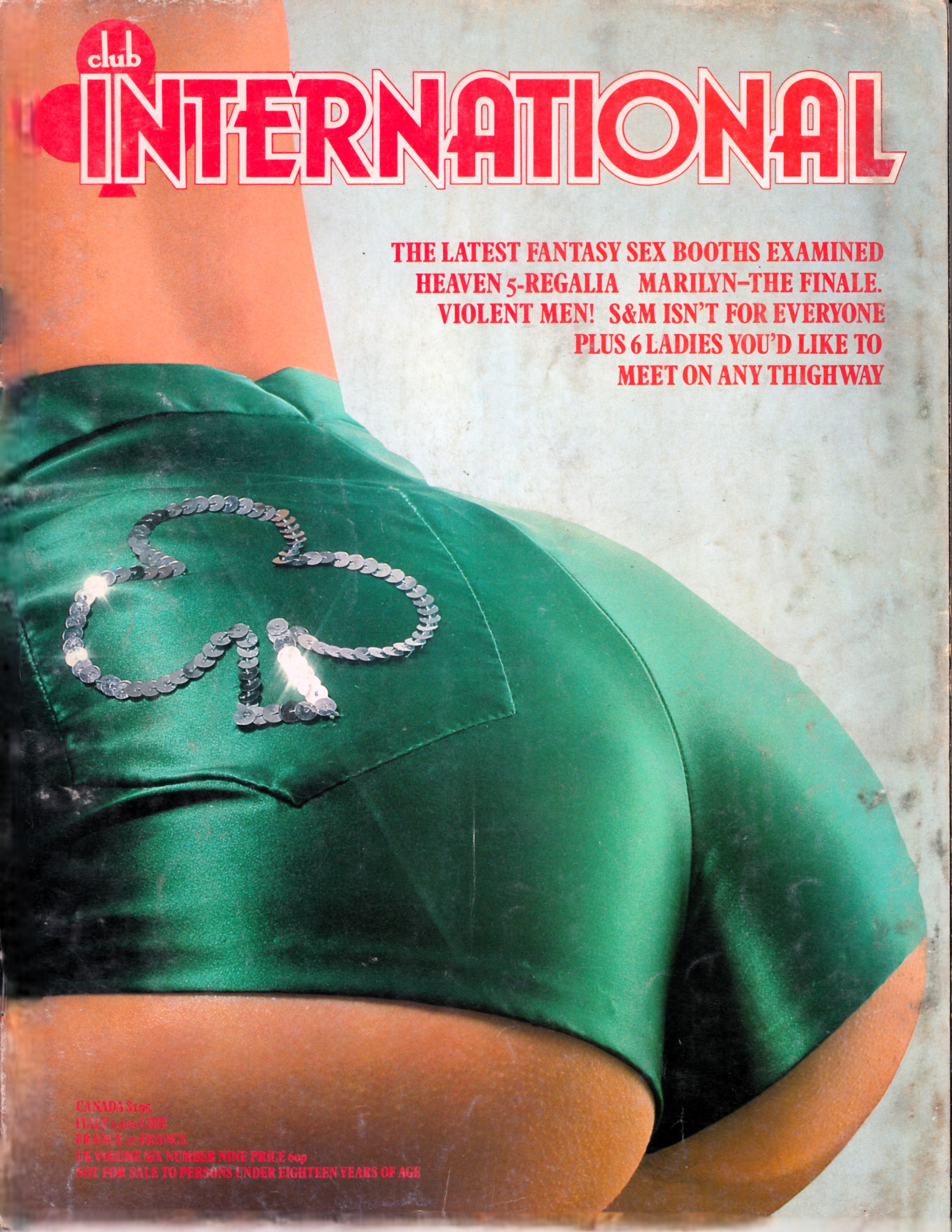


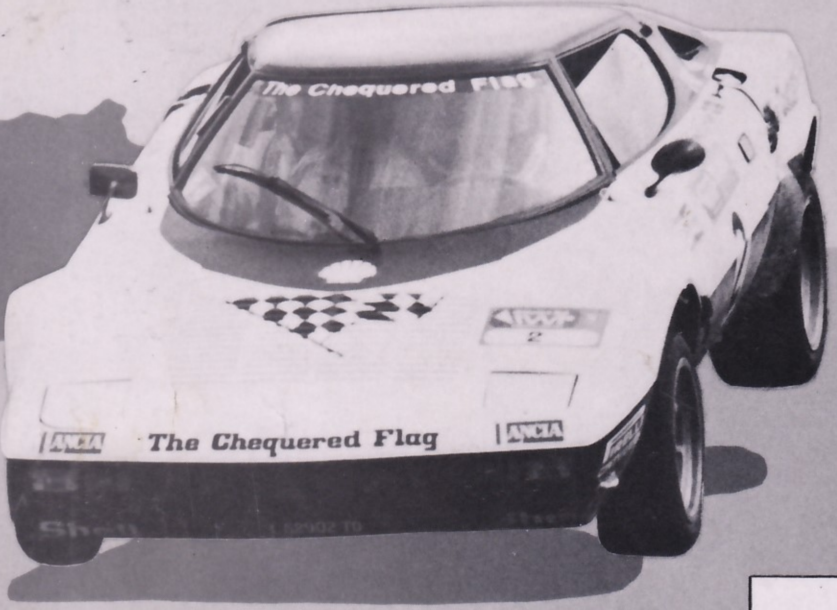
club INTERNATIONAL

THE LATEST FANTASY SEX BOOTHS EXAMINED
HEAVEN 5-REGALIA MARILYN–THE FINALE.
VIOLENT MEN! S&M ISN'T FOR EVERYONE
PLUS 6 LADIES YOU'D LIKE TO
MEET ON ANY THIGHWAY

CANADA $1.95.
ITALY 2,400 LIRE
FRANCE 12 FRANCS.
UK VOLUME SIX NUMBER NINE PRICE 60p

NOT FOR SALE TO PERSONS UNDER EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE

London's Leading LANCIA Specialists


The Chequered Flag
LANCIA
The Chequered Flag
LANCIA

2-Litre Range
Now Available

The Chequered Flag

Delivery from stock of most models.
Demonstration cars available.

London's Leading LANCIA Specialists

01-995 0022

High Road Chiswick London W4

CONTENTS

Cover photography
Dandelion

CLUB INTERNATIONAL
Roger Cook: *Editor*
Ian Potter: *Art Editor*
James Tyson: *Executive Editor*
Linda Treacy: *Production Manager*
Claire Allen: *Assistant Art Editor*
Julie-Anne Thomas: *Editorial Assistant*
Penny Saunders: *Stylist*
Chris Robins: *Advertising Manager*
Mike Stall: *Circulation Manager*

Developments in the industry of sex are often inventive and sometimes really quite entertaining. Our report from Show World, New York, and the notorious 'One-on-One' booths is such a development. Get your coins ready and start dialling!

On the subject of dialling we can only add further to your immediate pleasure by recommending *Reverse Call*. Obscene calls are two a penny . . . but it's a neat twist when a *lady* makes them!

Only *Club International* could treat S & M in the manner attempted within these pages. If you don't laugh at our efforts your condition warrants a serious medical examination.

Our ladies have never been more excellent and our photographers rarely more inspired, so enjoy all their efforts in the knowledge that, thanks to you, the world-wide print order for *Club International* is climbing towards the magic million mark. *Roger Cook.* ♣

Fantasex...
photos by Dandelion

Cher
photos by Fanny

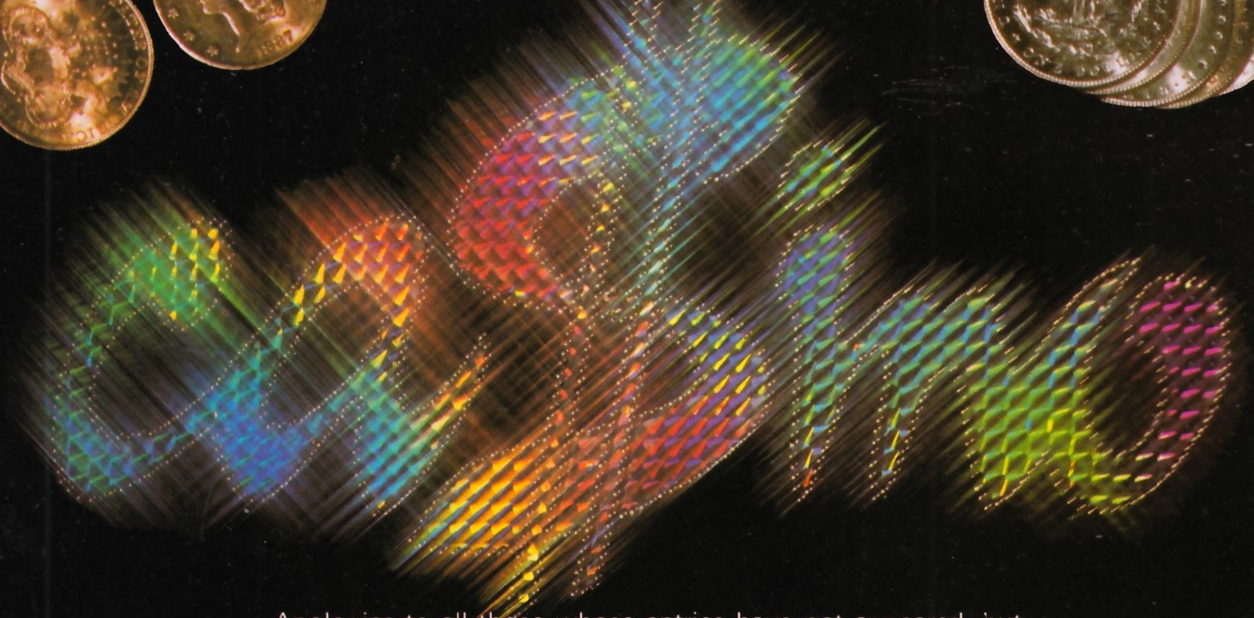
Monroe Exclusive
photos by Dandelion

Tatum
photos by Tiny Montgomery

Casino Page 4
Violent Men *Fred Marsh* Page 6
Julia *photos by Adam Cole* Page 12
Monroe Exclusive Part 2 *Robert F. Slatzer* Page 18
It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad Mad World! Page 22
S & M Isn't for Everyone, You Know *Sylvestor Rich* Page 24
Oasis High *photos by Serge Jacques* Page 28
Heaven – 5, Regalia *T. Christopher Siklos* Page 36
Fantasex . . . *Gerald J. Francischelli* Page 42
Farrah *photos by Fanny* Page 46
The Orgy *Ann Warren* Page 54
Reverse Call *Martin Brookway* Page 58
Tatum *photos by Tiny Montgomery* Page 66
The Voyages of Olaf the Gång Bangör Page 74
Cher *photos by Fanny* Page 77
Raquel *photos by Tiny Montgomery* Page 88
Readers' Writes Page 94

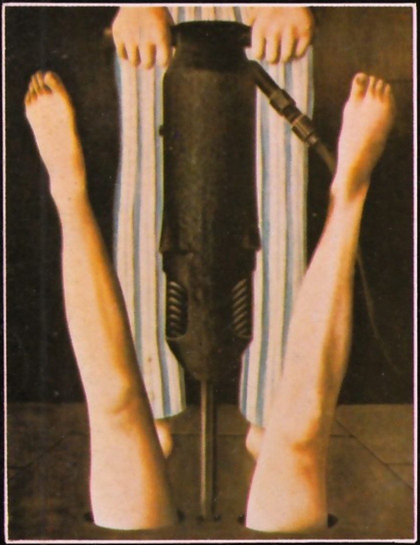
Published by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. Tel: 01-734 9191 and printed Heatset Web-Offset Litho by HunterPrint Group Ltd., Hertfordshire, England. Originated by Mansell Litho Ltd., London. Typesetting by Ramsay Typesetting (1977) Ltd. Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: namely that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 60p and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. All contributions, including colour transparencies or photographs submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk and while every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., nor its agents accept liability for loss or damage. Second Class Postage paid at New York Post Office, N.Y. Distributed by The National Magazine Distributors Ltd., 22 Armoury Way, Wandsworth, SW18 1HA. Tel:01-874 1181. September 1977 *© Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, 1977*

club
INTERNATIONAL
Volume Six: Number Nine: Price 60 pence



Apologies to all those whose entries have not appeared, but there's always next month . . . Please keep up the high standard of contributions, however . . .

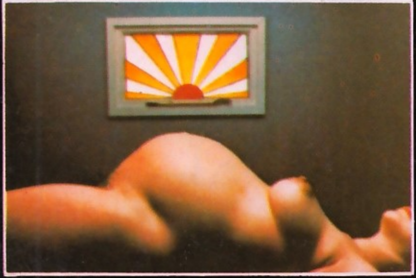
SCREW YOU



Milt Fairways would have us believe he enjoys the vibration of a pneumatic drill against his bum. Dangerous . . . One slip and you're the second Harry REEMS!

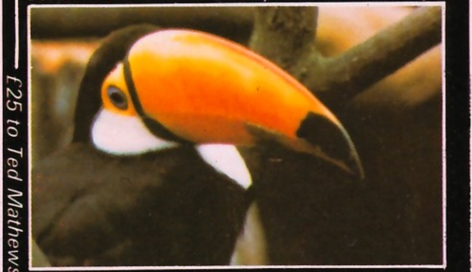
SUNRISE!!

Another amusing contribution from Mick Wells. Take £25, sir!



Pecker Of The Month

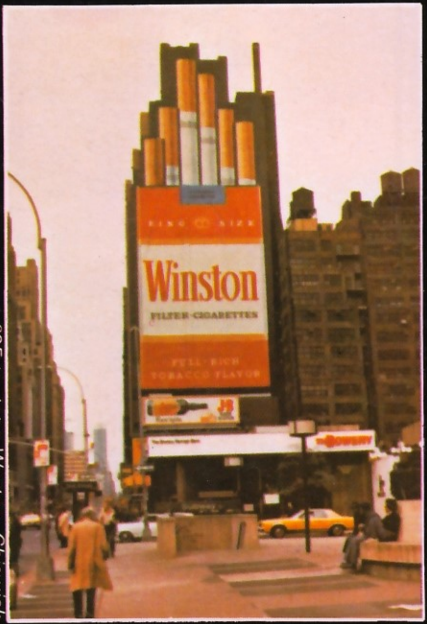
May we present the famed star of that sensuous movie *Only Toucan Play*.



£25 to Ted Mathews

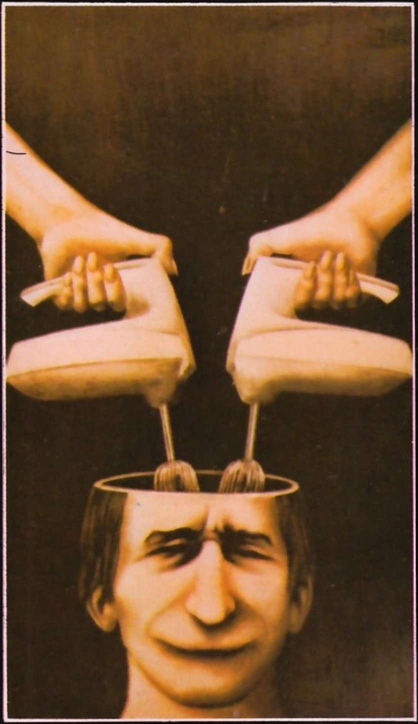
GAY NEWS

Presenting the biggest group of 'fags' to be seen in town.



£25 to John Weston, Chiswick

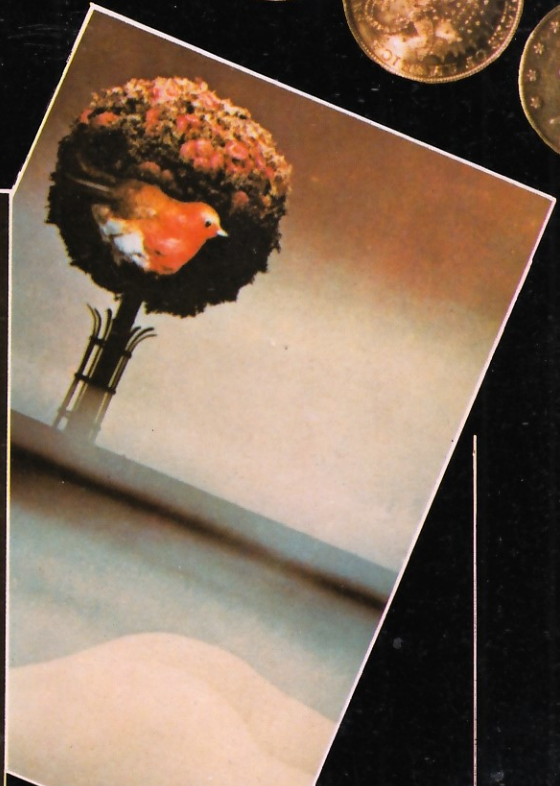
TOM MIX... .....

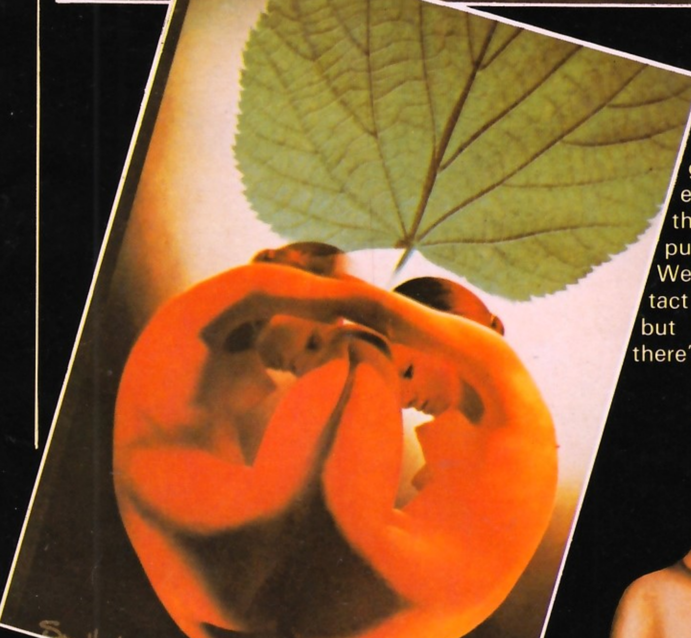


Nick Myers, who underwent brain surgery only to emerge with Tom Mix fixation, apparently wears a ten-gallon hat to his office and owns a Colt 45 lighter . . .

HASSLE-KINS

LONDON TRAN
Sam Haskins

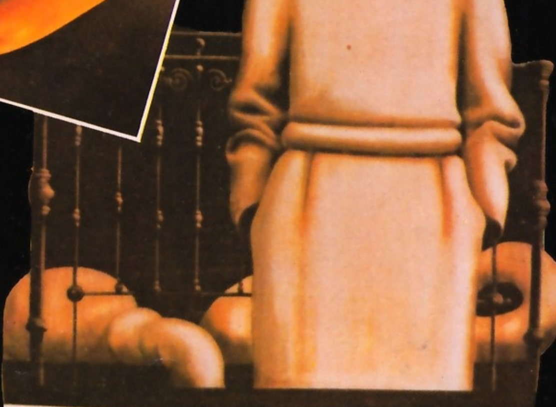




Paul Derbis of Birmingham sent us three postcards featuring the work of lens genius Sam Haskins, extolling the virtues of the man and urging us to publish some of his work. We'll be attempting to contact Sam in the near future, but he ain't cheap and there's the hassle!

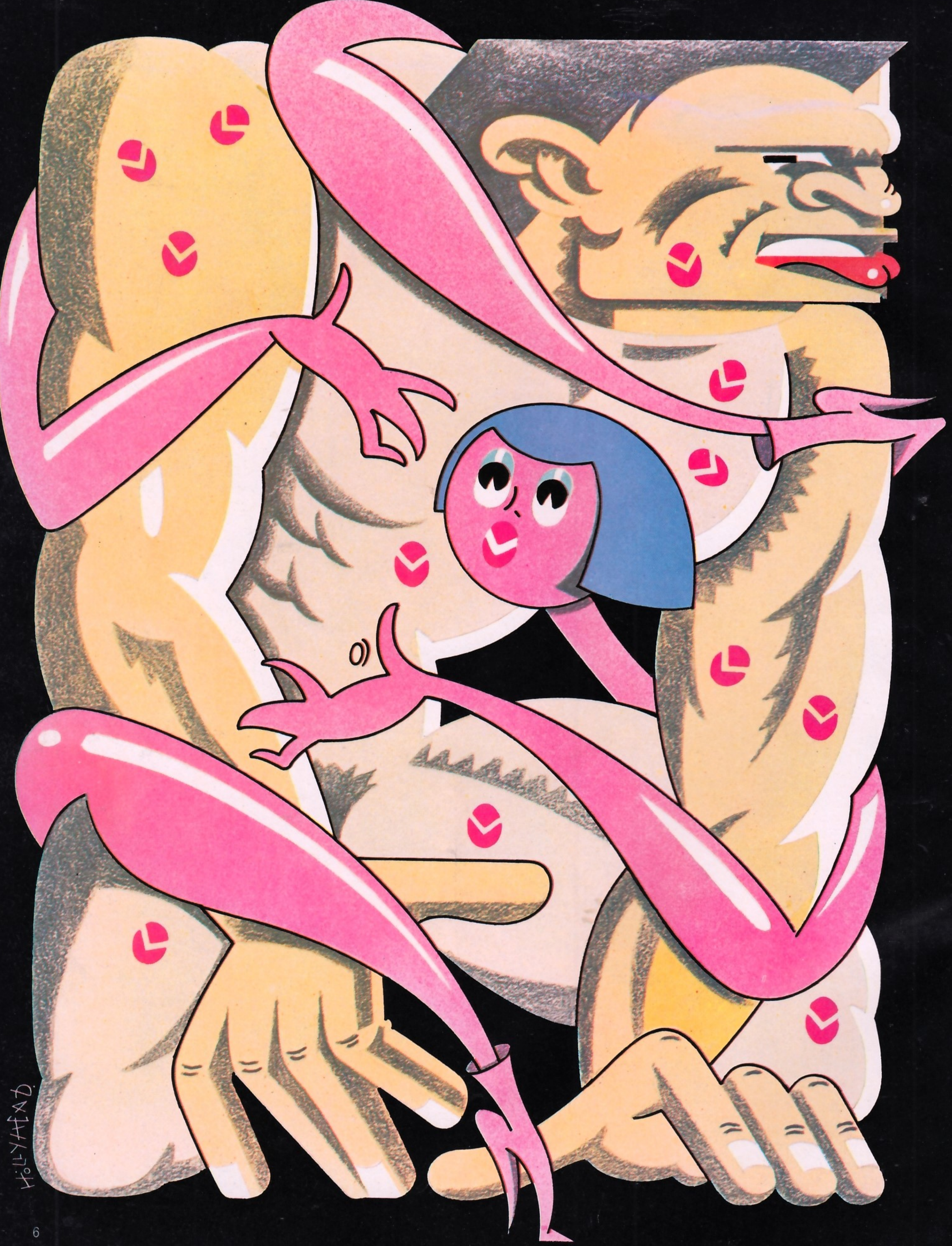
Look-a-Like

No dice on the Look-Alike front this month. Big cash rewards for those ladies delightful enough to step forward. Don't keep a luscious likeness selfishly to yourself. Earn big money, now!



Palmist

In the wake of psychic surgery, palmist Freda Markov insists she can reach her hand into a patient's head and sense the reaction her palmistry is having. Progress being what it is, how long before her hand can enter trousers? £25 to Slim Wakefield.


HOLLYHEAD.

VIOLENT Men

by Fred Marsh with illustration by Bush Hollyhead NTA

Where is the charm in a fellow with hands like meat-cleavers, with looks like Borgnine and the legs of a billiard table? You'd be surprised. In truth the 'thinking' heavy is quite often tormented with the problem of *too much* time in the sack. It slows down his sideways karate kick and puts his abdomen in jeopardy when its high tensile steel is called upon to take a gun butt in the stomach. Those who have handled security for Tom Jones and Elvis Presley insist the blue-rinsed mob will grind their pussies into the faces of any available male at the height of their frenzy.

Do the brawn breed possess penile statues of monumental proportions or are they merely the recipients of a wretched fan's lust, quelling desires meant for the likes of Redford or Jones? If the recent outbursts by a trio of Presley's ex-hirelings be true, then the latter is certainly the case. They all claim ample gratification at the hands of young girls creaming their panties at El's shows and ridding their rocks on the rampant cocks of the King's right hand men.

Occasionally of course, fate deals their mentors a cruel blow. Like the time Presley's karate teacher walked off with wife number one . . . the luscious Priscilla. The word is, however, that Elvis hardly noticed her disappearance.

Martin Levis, one-time bodyguard for a New York publishing tycoon, sports a face like a mortar training range and lips like a rubber dinghy. Despite these minor facial setbacks, he claims he has lost count of the pussies he's pierced on the strength of his forearm smashes and straight-fingers to the throat. "It's not just that they like the violence for itself. I don't think too many ladies are that perverted, although certainly there's a fringe who get off on it. It's more that they feel completely safe. Most of the fags they're used to would dive into their handbags if a scene blew up in an alley. With me they know that a few dull thuds in the right areas will immediately increase the wheelchair population by a trio or so."

Martin is honest enough to confide that he doesn't possess a bonus two inches either.

"I'm just hung regular. It aims at the street when I'm bored and at my chin when I ain't. Mostly I dig slender, silky chicks with long, brown, accessible legs. I like a cool, quiet fuck in the right apartment . . . nothing aggressive like I guess you imagine. The only violent scene I ever had with a chick was like a re-run of the Foreman/Ali clash. Believe it or not she was a female wrestler. No bull dyke, a real sexy piece of ass, but she'd taken so many kicks in the cunt through her career she weren't so sensitive, right?

She liked her tits bitten, and bitten hard. I had to force her face into the bed and behave like a rivet gun, grabbing her tits and digging my teeth into her back. It was the pain she needed more than the stimulation, but when she came it was like a steam train roaring through a tunnel and she'd pull my cock out just before it was about to blow and stuff it in her mouth and stab her thumb in me. An experience, but not recommended on a regular basis as sooner or later one of you is gonna get killed."

Martin's preference for more refined females was emphasised by a photograph he produced of his latest lady: a trim, tanned creature wearing skin-tight satin trousers which looked more like a coat of silver paint than anything else.

"This one drives me wild. One day I'm gonna screw her right through those pants even if it goes against my Joe Cool style. The tailoring ensures her twat is perfectly defined for all the world to stare at . . . and they do. Her favourite pose is sitting deliberately open-legged on a high stool in a busy bar. She'll get herself all worked up talking to me about what we're going to do back at her apartment and make perfectly sure everyone is aware her pussy lips are opening and closing with excitement. Her ass is magnificently contoured, the taut material smoothing out any slight imperfections and when she bends forward I'll swear you can make out everything – but everything! The last time I peeled those pants off her she was actually climaxing before I entered her. The rubbing of the trousers acts as a kind of advanced foreplay and she almost always shrieks for me to come into her immediately, which isn't usually a problem. My fantasy is that one evening she'll sacrifice a pair of her slacks and let me rip open the seam right along the crotch and feel those satin-silk thighs rubbing against my legs while I screw the hell out of her."

I put it to Martin that that was probably the little lady's fantasy too, and more than likely the kind of physical behaviour she was hoping for from a security agent, in her fantasies, surely.

"Could be," he agreed. "I'll give it a whirl and let you know how it works out. Sure as hell be worth the price of the pants to find out."

Paul Bernard (all names are fictitious), who has worked for several security organisations following a four-year stretch under Lamouline and Tshombe in the Congo and a period of education with Denard in the Katangese revolt in Stanleyville, makes an interesting contribution to our thesis. Apparently he had been acting as protector to H. B. Cattermole, the wealthy industrialist, for some time and had become heavily involved with H.B.'s ripe 17-year-old daughter, Terry. The situation was causing him some degree of concern as it had developed at her instigation and was reaching the point where she was getting serious and H.B. might sense it.

"Fortunately, H.B.'s glorious wife, Grace, possibly suspicious of an involvement, had arranged a hunting expedition for her husband and a few married friends, conspicuously leaving Terry without an invitation.

"We left on the Monday and to my relief all Terry's pleas to accompany us were stubbornly refused. Grace was a genuine beauty, tall and slim with silky blonde hair, soft-spoken and the possessor of a pair of the most magnificent breasts I'd ever seen.

"Each morning on the beach in company with H.B. and his friends, she relaxed, spending most of the time lolling on the sand in a bikini and halter. Lying on her stomach, dark glasses shading her exquisite blue eyes, she would constantly change position, causing those magnificent breasts to almost spill out of the halter. At the rear end the cheeks of her bottom were blatantly exposed, with only a narrow band of cloth tight in her crotch. Her body constantly drew my eyes like a magnet. She was all woman and on occasions she caught me gazing at her body and the look returned was one of perplexed curiosity.

"After two days we left for the hunting and as we were to stay there several days huts were allocated to each of us; H.B. and Grace in the largest, his two friends and their wives separately accommodated; myself in the smallest hut next to H.B.

"The following morning H.B. told me to keep an eye on the ladies and the three men set off in different directions arranging to meet at a certain spot at noon. They would return at five o'clock and a barbecue had been arranged. Grace was in the hut resting, the two other women were playing 'Gin', so I decided to take a ramble, confining it to a circle so that I was always in hailing distance of the huts.

"About an hour later, approaching a small clearing in a spruce grove, I stopped in my tracks. Grace was lying naked on clothing spread on the grass, her beautiful golden body marred only by the white marks left by her bikini. I froze and the sight nearly took my breath away.

"Then came shock number two. A naked man came into view, his prick standing out in front of him at 45 degrees and as he moved towards her, Grace stretched out a hand and took hold, manipulating it skilfully. She said something and the man laughed. I then recognised one of H.B.'s friends. Some hunting he was at! Grace then extended her legs and he massaged her beautiful breasts until they became taut and swollen, the nipples engorged and exuberant. On his knees he kissed her mouth, throat, shoulders, until he was kissing and chewing at those gorgeous breasts. Moving slowly behind a tree, I watched as he tongued a pathway down to her navel, then on to the curly bush in the 'V' of her crotch. His hand caressed the slit until it opened wide, revealing the

continued on page 10

DOCTOR PROVES PENIS ENLARGEMENT CAN WORK!

Amongst the numerous claims made in this most sensitive field comes an entirely new method, the result of two years research by a world famous Sexologist.

Controlled tests have proved this method to be reliable and totally safe.

While most methods remain closely guarded secrets the Chartham Method has nothing to hide. All the facts are published including actual test results – a firm testimony to the success of this revolutionary method.

The Chartham Method is a proven means of increasing the size of the male organ, both in the flaccid and erect state, developed and tested by Dr.Robert Chartham, Ph.D.

A NEW BREAKTHROUGH

There has never been, until now anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and the possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious, when one thinks about it.

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which in turn causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking, to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations.

THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Robert Chartham is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he receives over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement – the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

"Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23year olds added up to 1¼" in length and ¾" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s added between ¾" to 1" in length and between ½" and ¾" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1½" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added ¾" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on ¾" in length and just over 1¼" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6½" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest."

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of ¾" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4¾" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5½". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by it's use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chartham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chartham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection and the great majority of users report that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is £12.00 including postage. All orders are dealt with by return post.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

IF NO RESULTS ARE ACHIEVED AFTER CARRYING OUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD AS DIRECTED A FULL REFUND WIL BE MADE ON ITS RETURN T US.

THE CHARTHAM METHOD

ORDER FORM

ULTRANORM LTD., DEPT. 11C 5 THE CAMPSBOURNE, LONDON, N8 7PN ENGLAND.

Please send me, by return, the complete Chartham Method
I enclose £12.00, which is the total cost, including postage.

11C

NAME..

ADDRESS..

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY
If you do not wish to cut
this page, you may send
your order on plain paper.

interior, and lover boy gobbled at it like a pig in a trough.

"Pulling him impatiently to her, Grace raised her legs straight up and thrust his cock where it was most needed. He began a pounding cadence that had her buttocks jogging as if hit by hammers. Her head rolled from side to side, and as she finally cried out in climax, her passion-glazed eyes fixed on me. The expression did not change. She gave no indication of having seen me and I slipped quietly away, an unbearable pain in my groin.

"At the barbecue she gave no sign that anything untoward had happened and lover boy treated me with the same indifference he had shown me all along.

"On our return from the trip, Terry was waiting anxiously, searching my face for any clues as to my behaviour. I particularly noticed that she watched Grace and I when in company, ears strained to catch every word. Grace noted this also and once she turned her eyes from me to Terry, and the almost imperceptible smile that flicked momentarily across her face was not lost on me as apparently it was upon Terry.

"I could see it coming. Was it because she had seen me observing her recent session in the clearing, or because she was fully aware of my relationship with Terry; or was it what had been revealed so many times before, that an ugly brute of a male like me held a certain fascination for women? *Why?* Had they been so dominated for centuries that the wish for that domination was inbuilt? Was it that a woman likes to be taken to the brink of fear, the edge of brutality or rape, feeling all the time that her 'woman's wiles' will in turn dominate the predatory male? Or was it . . . (and the thought took me back to Terry and her obsession with pain) that they just wanted to be really *fucked,* not nicely and politely, not softly and gently but with a hard ruthless enthusiasm that would surpass, break down and command a sexual response from even the most frigid. Something that a nympho dreams of. Somebody who can really get through.

"It happened in the afternoon. The moment was of her choosing. Pulling the black and white top over her head, she slipped out of her sailor pants. When she took off her bra and panties, her breasts hung like heavy ripe melons ready to drop from the vine . . . her large nipples centred in generous aureoles were the colour of milk chocolate. She really was a magnificent figure of a woman. Big breasts, slim waist, strong thighs and legs, and that triangle of curly blonde hair. My cannon was like a bar of iron (screw the job, this hard's got no conscience) and we moved together, wrapping our arms around each other in unison. My mouth was fastened to hers and our bodies fused together. My hands were all over her, her stupendous tits, thighs, buttocks and that ever-open door between her thighs. My sense of urgency got to her, dominated her, and she breathed heavily as I stroked her flanks and thrust into her.

"No word was spoken. She was wet, open and ready. She took my prick in a firm grasp, raised her legs against my torso and I began to pump it into her with deep, penetrating strokes.

"Fucking Terry had been like driving a sports car, screwing Grace was like the luxury of a Rolls. This one was gracious and steady on the curves, the pressure she exerted with her internal muscles clasped my prick in a snug embrace, her hips moved to just the right rhythm, a magnificent example, power steering at its finest.

"Her orgasm was like the bursting of the dykes in Holland. My balls were ready to explode but I held off until her juices poured over me. Then I flooded her orifice with hot jets of semen, bursting like a cataract into an overflowing well.

"Slowly we unwound, she lay on top of me, kissing and nibbling at my ears, throat and nipples. When we had dressed she insisted, 'This is our little secret, just like all your others'. Again that enigmatic smile. 'See you', and her hand brushed my crotch as she left.

"Terry asked me that night to take her to a disco, assuring me that H.B. had given permission. I checked, just in case. 'Make sure she's back by twelve,' he said. 'I'm sure you know how rich young girls want to live it up. If she won't obey you, and from what I've seen I'm sure she will, bring her back anyway, using the minimum of force.' At the disco, Terry was about as interested in dancing as I was. 'I haven't had you for a whole week, Paul. Let's go somewhere and make love.' The words struck a chord in me. Previously she'd said 'Let's fuck'. The writing was on the wall. As it was only 10.30, I suggested we go to my pad. This was promptly agreed and until midnight she rode me. 'Try it this way. It's a new twist,' and she bucked and tore at me recklessly in her eagerness to demonstrate how updated she was. I must admit that at twelve when she was ready to leave I was surprised. She normally refused to leave until the early hours, but the expression of 'Love me, baby' as opposed to the previous 'Fuck me' was worrying and I kissed her goodbye with grateful relief.

"Grace awoke me at about three a.m., her hands moving all over me. Even after Terry's wild session, her beautiful manner brought me straight up. We were literally welded to each other when Terry walked in. Her father's ·38 spoke three times. Grace, gyrating above, collapsed on my chest, the bullets tearing through her body into mine as Terry snarled, 'You cock-happy cow. Can't your paid pretty boys satisfy you?'

"In hospital I learned from H.B.'s lawyer that Grace was dead and a defence had been prepared for Terry on the grounds of diminished responsibility. I thought of the Joan Bennet case where her daughter had reportedly shot her mother's lover and I wished her the same success. Now the agency have told me my new assignment is to guard the head of an African Republic. He has 44 wives. And God knows how many daughters!"

And so it is for violent men.♣

Julia

Photographs by Adam Cole

Monroe

EXCLUSIVE

Part Two...

by Robert F. Slatzer/photos by Dandelion

On a summer day in 1962, about a month before she was found dead, Marilyn called me – her voice was nervous, full of fear, and she insisted that she talk to me. We made arrangements for me to pick her up at an intersection near her house and drive up Pacific Coast Highway to an area known as Point Dume, a few miles north of Malibu and originally named 'Point Doom' after the old-time ships that had gone into the rocks. She carried a small sack with her which she seemed to hold close to her. We walked in the surf, leaving our things on the beach, as the last rays of summer sun filtered upon the water. It was reminiscent of that first night with her along the beach at Santa Monica, some 16 years before. Finally, we sat down on a blanket and she began to talk. Mostly about Bobby Kennedy.

She had previously told me that Bobby Kennedy had promised to marry her. She had asked me what I thought about it. I had told her that first of all I didn't believe he would really do such a thing for he held one of the top positions in the United States government, his brother was President, and he, as well as all his brothers, had come from a well-respected old-line Catholic family. He also had a wife and eight kids. Would he risk all of this plus possible excommunication from his church and disgrace the family name and his brother who was President?

Marilyn thought so. "He promised to marry me," she repeated.

I tried to convince her that I seriously doubted if Bobby Kennedy would ever abandon his political career for her or any woman. I could see that this remark hurt her. Tears began to well up in her eyes. I reminded her that although King Edward VIII chose to abdicate the English throne to marry American divorcée Wallis Simpson, I doubted that any member of the Kennedy family would ever do that if it meant sacrificing his political career.

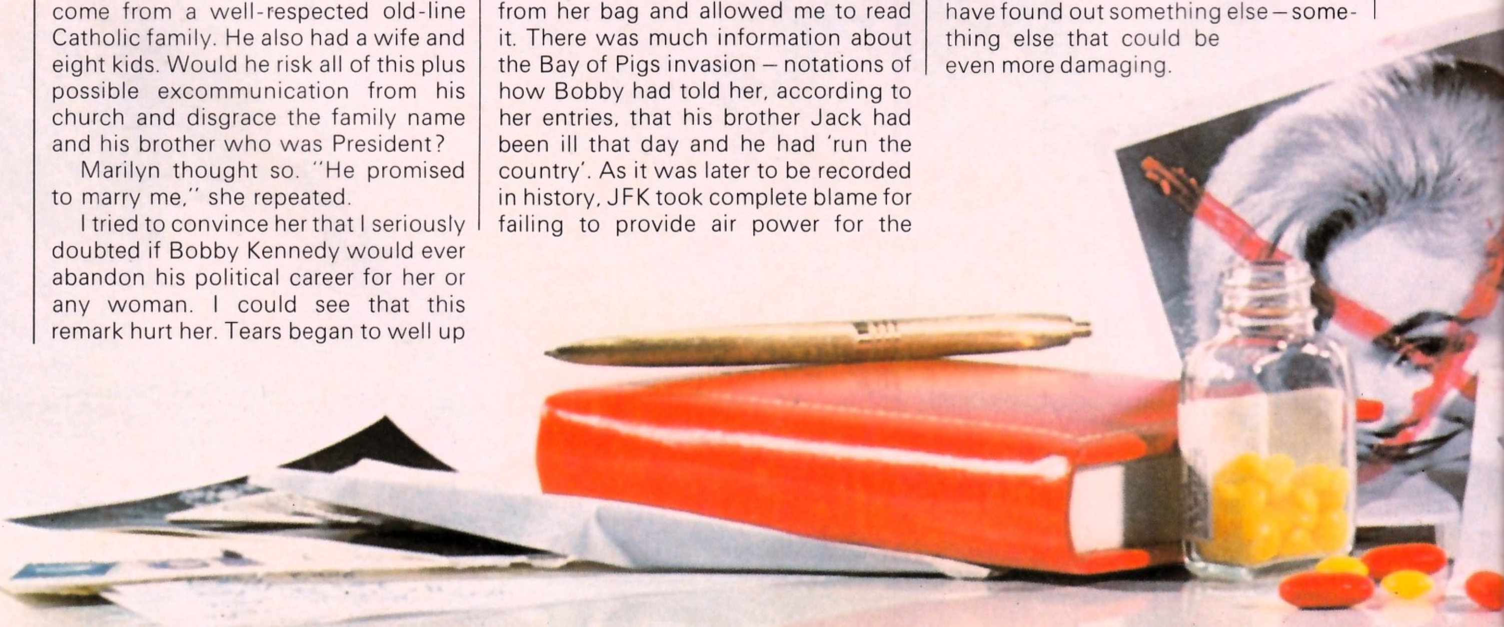
But Marilyn was still convinced that she was going to be the next Mrs. Bobby Kennedy – and possibly even the next First Lady, for that was said to be the master plan of the Kennedys: first Jack, then Bobby, and then hopefully Teddy. And in talking about this love affair, she told me other things; she said that she believed that Bobby Kennedy actually knew and had underworld killers in his employ and at his command. These men were reportedly assigned by secret elements of the CIA to perform political assassinations and what would be termed as other 'dirty jobs'. When I had first heard this from Marilyn, I had personally checked and had learned from highly reputable sources that members of the underworld had been recruited into the ranks of the CIA and into the office of the Attorney General of the United States, Robert Kennedy.

Then Marilyn pulled the red diary from her bag and allowed me to read it. There was much information about the Bay of Pigs invasion – notations of how Bobby had told her, according to her entries, that his brother Jack had been ill that day and he had 'run the country'. As it was later to be recorded in history, JFK took complete blame for failing to provide air power for the Cuban invaders – for the original intention of JFK was to provide cover for those men who instead died on the beach in Cuba. Yes, later all of this was to come out: Bobby Kennedy had run the country that day and he had run it very badly at that.

There were a few entries about a planned attempt to assassinate Fidel Castro – a master plan which Marilyn said Bobby had explained to her which involved members of the underworld, hired by the United States government. This too was to be brought out in later years.

Several notations were made about former Teamsters Union President, Jimmy Hoffa. Bobby had told her that his one obsession was to put Hoffa behind bars – and he would do it in anyway he possibly could. All of this was detailed in her red diary and this also appears to have been truth, based upon subsequent happenings and testimony. In Hoffa's case, Bobby tried his best to put the Teamster boss in the slammer. But it was his successor, Nicholas Katzenbach, who finally succeeded in sending Hoffa to jail in 1964. Could it have been that Bobby Kennedy knew that Hoffa had information on the romance between him and Marilyn?

A noted wiretap expert, who was reported to have been doing some probing for Hoffa against Bobby Kennedy, obviously had in his possession a piece of tape that linked Bobby and Marilyn together. Although the expert's assignment was to probe Bobby's activities, he ended up with a little more than he intended to find. Marilyn feared that her phone lines were tapped. This is why she frequently called me either collect or from pay phones. It adds up that if someone were monitoring Bobby Kennedy's activities, he might just have found out something else – something else that could be even more damaging.



For I am quite certain that Bobby was playing both sides of the fence – on the West Coast telling Marilyn he wanted to marry her and back in Washington playing the rôle of a good father and husband. In a fashion, it was almost similar to the role that Alec Guinness played in his famous motion picture, *The Captain's Paradise*.

Other notations in Marilyn's diary contained information about the planned assassination of President Diem of South Vietnam. He was murdered on November 1, 1963, more than a year after Marilyn's death. Mention of President Raphael Trujillo of the Dominican Republic was noted – several scribbled lines about how he 'had' to be killed. This killing took place on May 30, 1961 – and Bobby, according to Marilyn, had told her that he could have *anything* done.

Actually Marilyn, who was far from a political student, had undoubtedly recorded top-classified information which was not even to leak partially to the world until the autumn of 1975 when Senator Frank Church headed the Senate Investigation Committee for the purpose of investigating the alleged subversive actions of the Central Intelligence Agency. This, too, is quite interesting, and we'll come back to reveal some of the findings which Marilyn Monroe was certainly privy to at least thirteen years earlier.

After Marilyn had shown me the diary, and I had made notes on a tablet for my files, she handed me a large manilla envelope. It contained a few hundred negatives with proofs of her, both in colour and black and white, which were what is more commonly known in the movie industry as 'kills'. She had placed a large X in lipstick across each one of them – those pictures which she felt did not show her off at her best. Also included were several letters I had written to her during the last few years. This puzzled me. But her explanation was understandable. Her filing cabinet, in the guest house of her home, had been broken into and some things had been taken. These, she told me, she wanted me to keep for her. I could easily tell when that night came to an end that she was a woman filled with fear: fear of her telephone lines being tapped; fear of some of the people around her; possibly fear of some of the things she knew that Bobby Kennedy had told her – and she even admitted that she feared for her life. And I believed her, too. She was quite serious. Her voice trembled when she had finally told me everything. I held her for a few moments and even her body was trembling.

The point of all of this is that when my book *The Life and Curious Death of Marilyn Monroe* first came out in 1974, and I wrote in exposition these political events, many critics throughout the nation attacked the facts which I had gathered from Marilyn – facts which she had recorded from conversations she told me she had had with Bobby Kennedy. However, in the autumn of 1976, less than two years later, the Senate Investigation Committee to investigate the tactics of the CIA was formed with Senator Frank Church as its chairman. Although the names of both Jack and Bobby Kennedy surfaced in their findings, the committee reportedly decided to keep their names out of any final findings. But that was impossible once the name of Judith Campbell Exner was brought out – and it was revealed that she was once a girlfriend of President John Kennedy. In fact Mrs. Exner, now married to a golf pro and living in San Diego, held a press conference which made news throughout the world when she revealed her association with JFK. But a little more than that casual relationship came out. She was reportedly a conduit between the underworld and the President. That was never proven but was surmised by many in the news media.

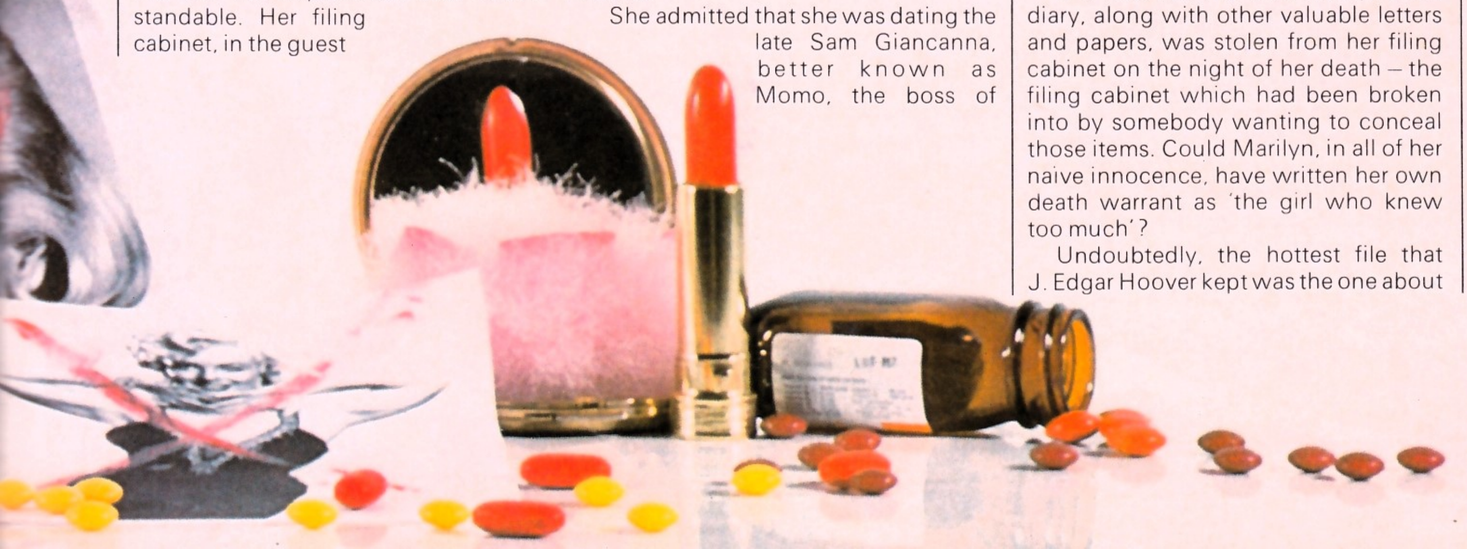
She admitted that she was dating the late Sam Giancanna, better known as Momo, the boss of the Mafia in Chicago. Another of her close friends was Johnny Roselli who had once boasted that he was proud of his 'White House connection'. The committee wanted to know if she had ever known about the plot to kill Fidel Castro. But before Giancanna could be questioned, he was murdered in his plush Chicago home in Oak Park, Illinois, reportedly on orders from the Mafia high command.

Several months later, Roselli was found murdered and floating in a barrel in Biscayne Bay off the coast of Miami, Florida. William Safire, a New York Times columnist, charged the committee with a 'cover-up'. Chairman Church denied the charges, explaining that no evidence had been discovered to prove that Judith Exner was a conduit between the Mafia and the Kennedy White House. He also stated that the committee was only attempting to needlessly blacken the reputation of the two Kennedy brothers (Bobby and Jack). But in her press conference, Mrs. Exner told of meeting President Kennedy in 1960 in Las Vegas at a party.

The White House telephone logs were examined and it was established that in 1961 and 1962, Mrs. Exner did telephone the White House and had talked to President Kennedy seventy times from both her residence in Los Angeles and from Oak Park, Illinois. The late J. Edgar Hoover had been secretly monitoring Mrs. Exner and JFK and it has been reported that when he placed his file on President Kennedy's desk, JFK immediately terminated his relationship with the pretty brunette. However, the investigation did uncover a very important fact which Marilyn had told me back in that summer of 1962 – and which was recorded in her diary. There was a definite connection between the underworld and the office of Bobby Kennedy, Attorney General of the United States.

It is little wonder that Marilyn's red diary, along with other valuable letters and papers, was stolen from her filing cabinet on the night of her death – the filing cabinet which had been broken into by somebody wanting to conceal those items. Could Marilyn, in all of her naive innocence, have written her own death warrant as 'the girl who knew too much'?

Undoubtedly, the hottest file that J. Edgar Hoover kept was the one about



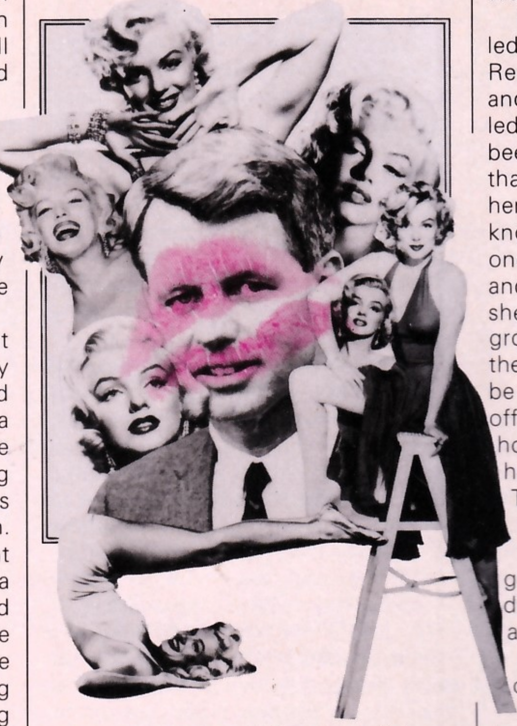
the love affairs of the two Kennedys, Bobby and Jack. Fifteen years after Marilyn's death, much of this has become known and books have even been written about it and some dozen or more nice-looking girls from all walks of life have come forward and talked about their romances with JFK and his brother, Bobby. Yet at that time in 1962, although I had certain inside information about other girls that Bobby and Jack Kennedy had dated, Marilyn believed that it was she and she only who had won the affection of these two important brothers.

What very few people know is that five years after Marilyn's death, Bobby Kennedy was again on the Hollywood scene engaging in an affair with a torchy brunette. If we are to believe published reports, this affair was going on at the time Bobby Kennedy was murdered, allegedly by Sirhan B. Sirhan.

Meanwhile, post Marilyn, President Kennedy was having an affair with a pretty blonde, Mary Pinchot, and reportedly even had her in his White House bed smoking marijuana while Jackie was away somewhere having fun doing other things. The interesting point of this affair is that about a year after President Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas, Mary Pinchot was murdered on a Georgetown street. Of special importance is that like Marilyn this girl had also kept a private diary – which obviously made a few people nervous. It was confiscated and burned by the CIA. What was in it that was so important?

Perhaps we have reached the stage today where it is dangerous for pretty girls to keep their important memoirs in a diary – especially if they date top politicians.

In their book, *The Final Days*, Woodward and Bernstein speak of President Nixon listening to some of the tapes made during the Kennedy administration from a tap placed on the phones of Frank A. Capell in New Jersey. In 1964, Capell had written and published a very controversial book, *The Strange Death of Marilyn Monroe*, which definitely linked Bobby Kennedy with her during those last few weeks of her life. In fact he sent a copy of the book to Bobby Kennedy and another to J. Edgar Hoover: the latter was said to be amused by the contents. However, in the Woodward-Bernstein book it is written that President Nixon, upon hearing certain tapes, did not know what Marilyn Monroe had to do with national security. What he did not know was that Capell's book firmly linked Marilyn Monroe and Bobby Kennedy together and that Capell is a former law enforcement man with excellent credentials.



There have been many theories about the death of Marilyn Monroe. Curiously enough, none of them suggest suicide. There is a strong rumour, which remains unproven, that possibly Marilyn was killed elsewhere, maybe at Lake Tahoe, and her body secretly brought back to her house on the night of 4th August, 1962. Another unproven angle is that possibly she was killed in another part of her house and placed on the bed nude, telephone in hand, sleeping pills gone from an empty bottle – an alleged suicide. One other book published about the life of Spyros Skouras suggests that two men visited the house and her death was caused by suffocation with a pillow. There are others but they are merely theories – my long investigation of nearly fifteen years is based upon fact and not theory. Yet, some of these theories have interesting points which we should not overlook.

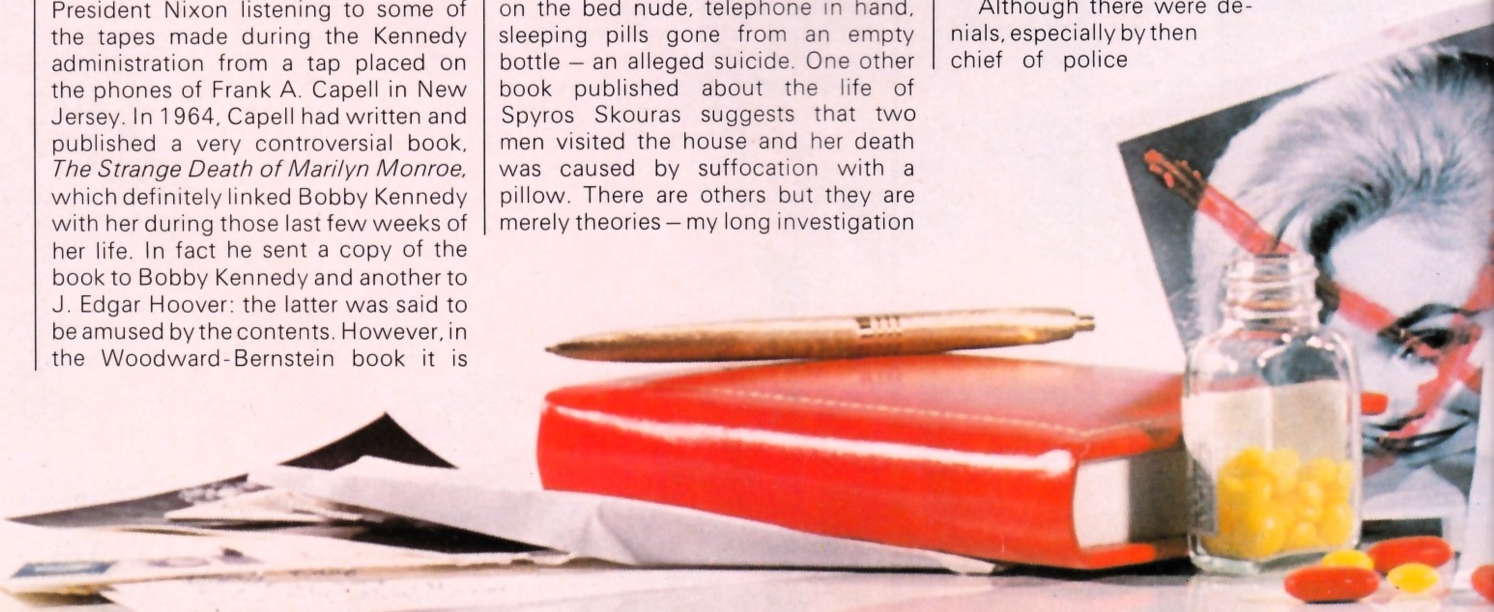
First of all, it was common knowledge that Marilyn slept in the nude. Reports of her taking sleeping capsules and sedatives were common knowledge, although some of these have been exaggerated. It was also stated that she had made several attempts on her life in previous years. I personally know of none of these; except that once she did take some sleeping pills and a friend discovered her just after she went to sleep and she was so groggy – and this is not as dangerous as the friend thought – that she could not be awakened for the pills had not worn off. In panic Marilyn was rushed to hospital, wondering what the hell was happening.

The chain of events leading up to Marilyn's death, based upon my thorough and documented investigation, virtually prove that she did not die of suicide of any kind but was actually murdered. How? Why?

First of all, let's retrace the events of those last 48 hours of her life before her nude body was found in her Brentwood home on the morning of 5th August, 1962.

As I have stated previously, Marilyn had been having an affair with Bobby Kennedy who, at that time, was the Attorney General of the United States. On Friday afternoon (3rd August) he and his wife and some of their children checked into the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. His reason for this trip was to appear on the Tennessee Ernie Ford Show and then address a bar association meeting the following Monday. However, he did find time to sneak away, check into the Beverly Hills Hotel in Los Angeles and spend a very mysterious 24 hours.

Although there were denials, especially by then chief of police



William Parker, that Bobby was within even 500 miles of Los Angeles, the facts have to prove and speak for themselves. The truth is that Bobby Kennedy was there and it was known to the police department. It is their duty to know when an important government official is in their area. Sergeant Clemmons told me that it was a matter of record with the Los Angeles Police Department.

Now Marilyn had suffered during the last couple of weeks prior to her death as a 'woman scorned'. Bobby had disconnected his private phone in the Justice Department and, in an attempt to reach him, she had persisted in calling him through the main switchboard of the Justice Department in Washington. She told me a few days earlier that she had reconciled herself to the fact that the 'romance was over' and she felt that he had 'got from me what he wanted' and now he was evading her calls. What Marilyn was really trying to do was to establish contact and ask him a simple question: why did he break his promise to marry her and decide never to see her again? Bear in mind that, from a child, she had been very much afraid of rejection in any form. Apparently he had rejected her but she wanted to know the reason why. Possibly this was her fatal mistake.

On Friday afternoon, during our telephone conversation of several minutes, I told her that Bobby Kennedy and his family were going to be at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. I had heard this on the news that day. Marilyn told me she would try and reach him. I advised her to chalk it up to life and forget it. But she didn't want to accept my advice. She also told me that if she didn't get to talk to him, she was going to hold a press conference on Monday 'and tell all'. I advised her not to do that – and not to tell anybody else what she had told me. She told me she had mentioned it to a few 'close friends'. I questioned the 'closeness' of these friends – and then she told me that she had drafted a new will and had a Monday appointment with her lawyer to change it. She also told me she feared that her telephones were tapped and told me that we would talk over the weekend. That was the last time I ever heard her voice.

Now, if we are to reconstruct the rest of that Friday (3rd August), the following events took place: Marilyn's press agent, Patricia Newcomb, came over on Marilyn's suggestion to spend the night and to get some sun over the weekend, for Pat was suffering from a cold. She spent the night at Marilyn's house and apparently slept well from what Mrs. Murray (the housekeeper) told me later.

When Mrs. Murray arrived at Marilyn's home on Saturday morning (4th August), Pat was still asleep and Marilyn, according to her, had been up for quite some time. From here on Mrs. Murray's account conflicts with that of Pat Newcomb.

Mrs. Murray states that Pat was ready to leave at noon, for Marilyn and Pat had had some quarrel – and, according to Mrs. Murray, they quarrelled frequently. However, Pat told me that the arguments between her and Marilyn were strictly personal or professional and of little consequence.

Mrs. Murray also stated that Marilyn didn't eat that day. But Pat's story contradicts this; she said that Mrs. Murray made each of them a sandwich and that they ate together. This also contradicts the autopsy report which states that there was no evidence of Marilyn eating that day. However, late that afternoon, Marilyn was complaining about wanting some oxygen which, according to Mrs. Murray, prompted her to call the psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph Greenson. What astonishes me is why Marilyn needed oxygen and also why the psychiatrist was called instead of Dr. Engelberg, who was her doctor and who made house calls. According to Pat, when Dr. Greenson arrived, she and Mrs. Murray stayed in the living room and talked while Dr. Greenson was in the bedroom with Marilyn. Pat told me that she left of her own free will, less than an hour after the psychiatrist's arrival. But Mrs. Murray tells the story differently. She stated to me that Dr. Greenson came out of Marilyn's bedroom and shortly afterwards, Pat left rather unhappily. So here we have two different versions of what happened.

Now we can place Mrs. Murray and Dr. Greenson in Marilyn's home at about six o'clock in the afternoon. Mrs. Murray told me that Dr. Greenson left at about this time but according to Ralph Roberts, Marilyn's friend and masseur, he called Marilyn's house at 6.30 p.m. and Dr. Greenson answered the phone and told him that Marilyn was not in. Roberts told me that he had had a tentative dinner engagement with Marilyn that evening which did not take place.

In a 15th August, 1962 story in the Los Angeles Examiner, Dr. Greenson is quoted as saying that he felt Marilyn was distraught and advised her to take a drive that night. But, in the 13th August edition of the same newspaper, Mrs. Murray states that Dr. Greenson had given her certain instructions but she could not tell what they were. The question remains: what were those instructions and why, after Marilyn's death, did Mrs. Murray choose not to reveal this information to the press?

According to Mrs. Murray, Marilyn walked around the house in a bathrobe after Dr. Greenson left. She is reported to have talked on the telephone to Joe DiMaggio Jnr., at about eight o'clock that night. Then, at about nine o'clock, Mrs. Murray states that she went to bed and read for a while before falling asleep. A short time later, the phone rang and Mrs. Murray talked to Milton Rudin, Marilyn's West Coast lawyer, who had called to enquire how Marilyn was feeling.

There were two separate telephones in Marilyn's home. One was a private (but *very* private) number, Granite 6-1890; the other the house phone, 472-4830, although both numbers were unlisted. Mrs. Murray has said that Marilyn slept with ear plugs, an eyeshade, darkened the room with the heavy curtains and turned the lights out. However, when her body was discovered, according to what Mrs. Murray and the two doctors told the police, these sleeping devices were not in use that night.

Mrs. Murray claims that she always put 'the phone to

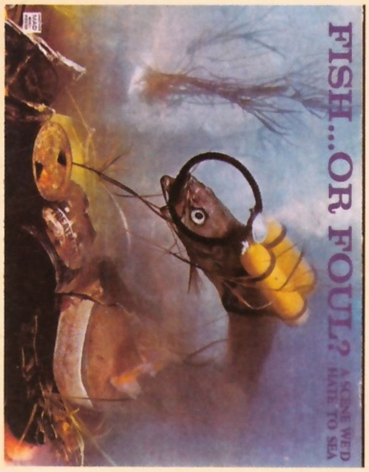
continued on page 57

Its a mad mad ma

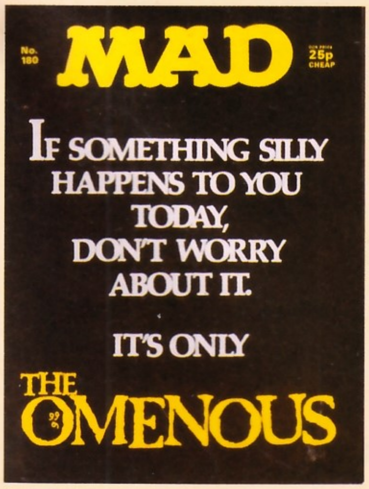
Our particular approach to male entertainment has developed into a cult, something very few magazines are able to achieve as most of them tend to mirror whatever title they happen to be copying.

No. 170
MAD
OUR PRICE
20p
CHEAP
ALFRED E.
IN THE NOT TOO DISTANT FUTURE, WARS WILL NO LONGER EXIST.
BUT THERE WILL BE
ROLLERBRAWL

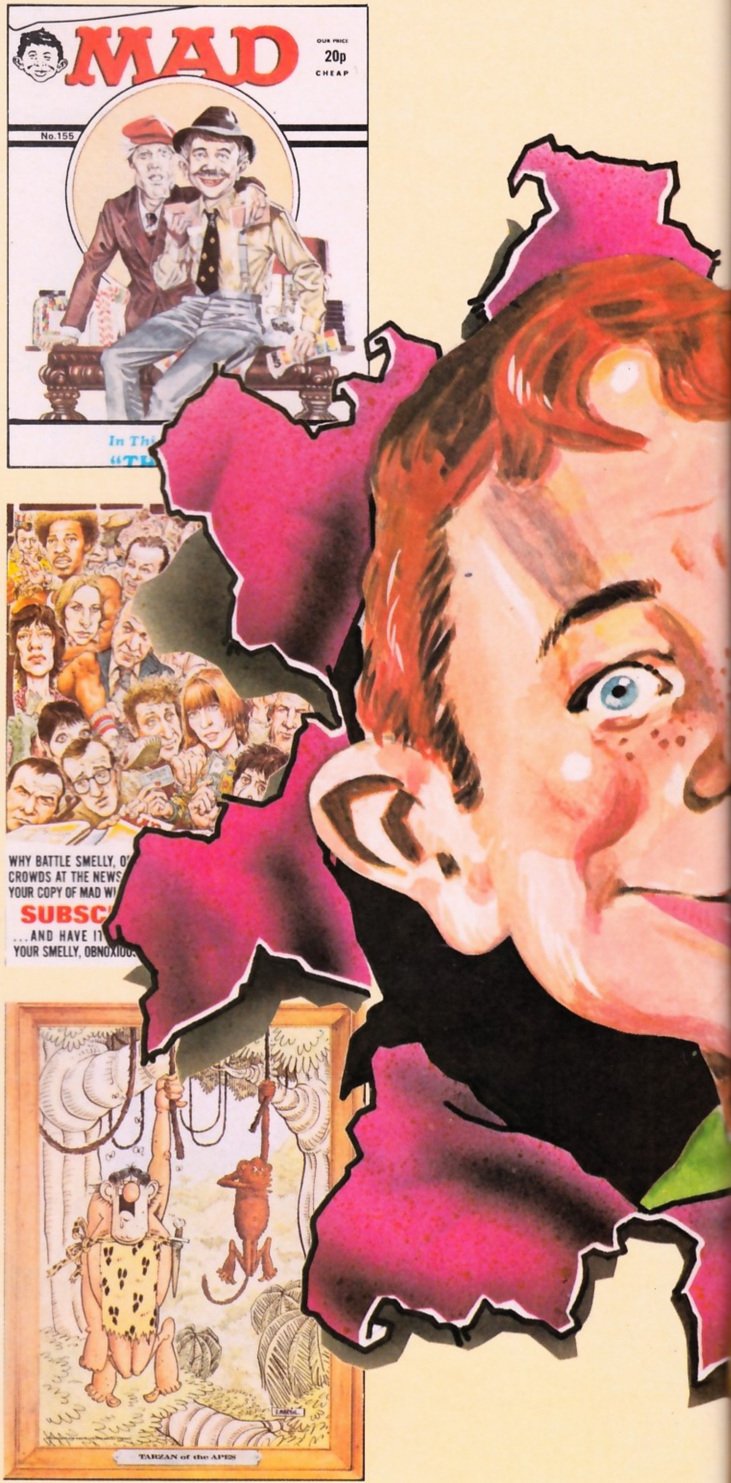
CITY PLIGHTS


FISH...OR FOUL?
A SCENE WED HATE TO SEA

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID!

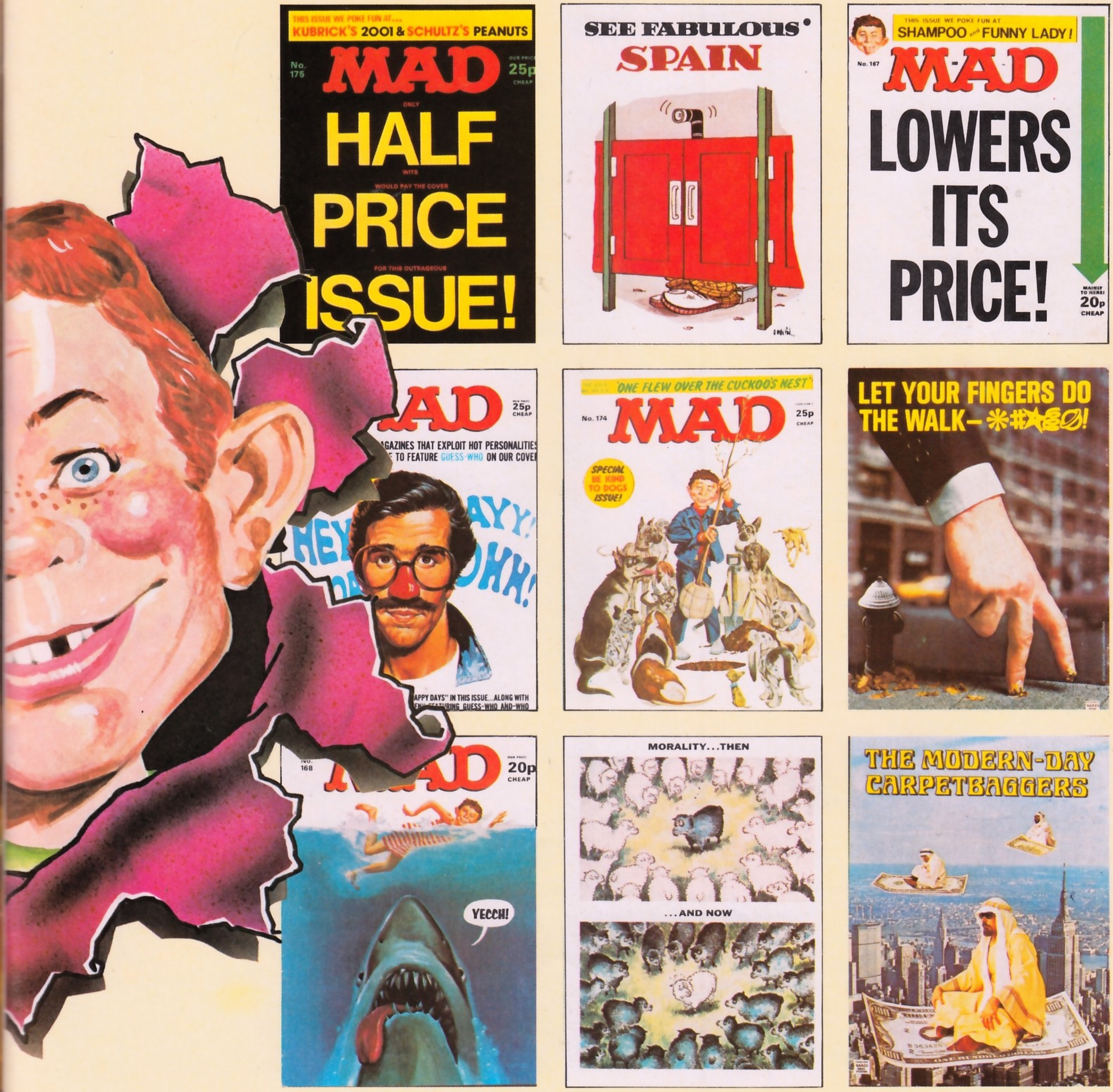

No. 180
MAD
OUR PRICE
25p
CHEAP
IF SOMETHING SILLY HAPPENS TO YOU TODAY, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
IT'S ONLY
THE OMENOUS

THE TOE BANK NEEDS TOES
Pledge Yours Today!

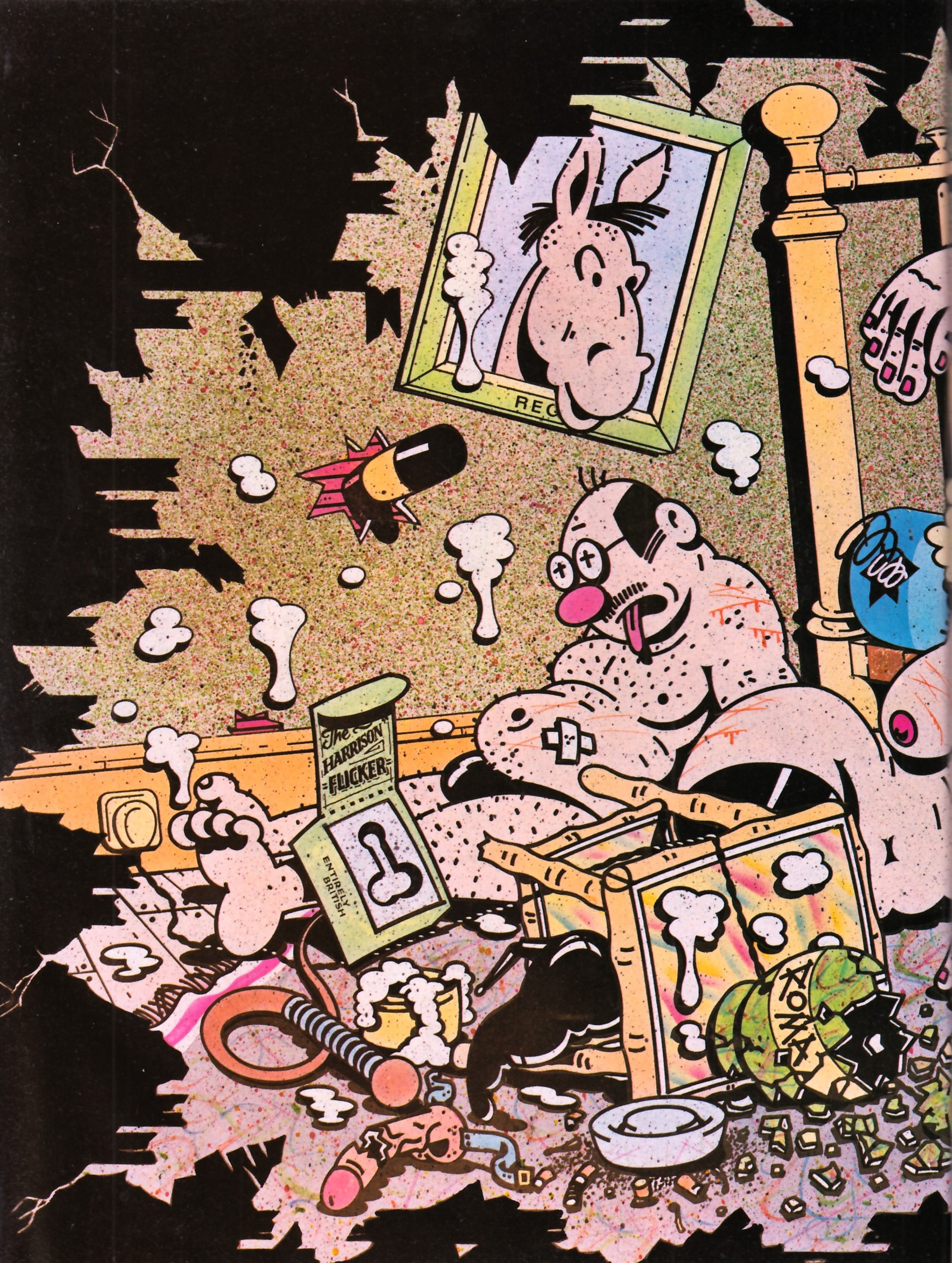

MAD
OUR PRICE
20p
CHEAP
No.155
In Th
"TH
WHY BATTLE SMELLY, O
CROWDS AT THE NEWS
YOUR COPY OF MAD WI
SUBSC
...AND HAVE IT
YOUR SMELLY, OBNOXIOUS
TARZAN of the APES

d mad mad world

Magazines should be innovators. MAD magazine is an innovator, an institution, even a cult. In tribute to it we should like to present a spread of some of its classic front and back covers.


THIS ISSUE WE POKE FUN AT...
KUBRICK'S 2001 & SCHULTZ'S PEANUTS
No. 175
MAD
OUR PRICE 25p CHEAP
ONLY HALF WITS WOULD PAY THE COVER PRICE FOR THIS OUTRAGEOUS ISSUE!
SEE FABULOUS SPAIN
THIS ISSUE WE POKE FUN AT SHAMPOO and FUNNY LADY!
No. 167
MAD
LOWERS ITS PRICE!
MAINLY TO HERE! 20p CHEAP
MAD
25p CHEAP
AGAZINES THAT EXPLOIT HOT PERSONALITIES
TO FEATURE GUESS-WHO ON OUR COVER
HEY AYY!
OHH!
APPY DAYS" IN THIS ISSUE...ALONG WITH
FEATURING GUESS-WHO AND-WHO
ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST
No. 174
MAD
25p CHEAP
SPECIAL BE KIND TO DOGS ISSUE!
LET YOUR FINGERS DO THE WALK—*#✩&@!
No. 168
MAD
20p CHEAP
YECCH!
MORALITY...THEN
...AND NOW
THE MODERN-DAY CARPETBAGGERS

Copyright 1977 E.C. Publications, New York.


REG
The HARRISON FLICKER
ENTIRELY BRITISH
ROMA

S&M ... ISN'T FOR EVERYONE, YOU KNOW*

by Sylvestor Rich

Illustration by Phil Dobson

Friday afternoon couldn't end soon enough, so my wife Betty and I rushed home early from our teaching duties at the local school. Having spent the better part of a month securing the 'proper equipment', we were secretly determined to 'get into', as the young people say, the most scintillating sex we'd ever read about: S&M! And we were prepared for anything. At least, that's what we thought.

Our plan was to begin on Friday afternoon and devote the entire weekend to some serious S&M. Home from work, Betty and I stripped immediately and stared passionately at one another. At 44 her breasts were still plump and taut. And at 45 I still love pressing her hard pink nipples inside the space between my front teeth. Betty ran her index finger through my pubic hair, curling it for a moment, then scratched her nail up the length of my stimulated organ. Letting her nail roam between my balls, she continued to tease me, sometimes extending her finger between my buttocks. But despite the fun, we were only delaying. Who would make the first move?

Finally I reached for this thing called a 'vibrator'. I had it all planned; first the arousing vibrator, followed by some sumptuous banana body cream, followed by the handcuffs, and then – well, we'd work up to the dynamite stuff *slowly*.

Betty and I carefully read the vibrator directions. Her eyes transfixed on the silent stimulator, Betty stiffened her legs. Her index finger plunged beneath her mass of rich black pubic hair, spreading moist pink lips in urgent anticipation. My thumb pressed lightly against the 'on' button. I doused the lights, then 'click'.

"Oh, damn," said Betty, with an unusual display of profanity. "It doesn't seem to work."

Turning on the light, she scanned the directions. There it was in disgustingly small print; 'Batteries not included'!

Quickly recovering from our tardy beginning, I pressed on to the second and more promising stage of our first S&M experience. Reaching for the 'cream de banana', I spread the delicious fragrance over Betty's perspiring body. The flavour blended smoothly with the layer of sweat between her quivering thighs. Shuddering with enthusiasm, Betty swabbed her fingers, and prepared to explore an area previously undiscovered in our twenty years of marriage. Lying on my stomach, I felt her slick fingers massaging the insides of my rear. Opening me up a bit wider, Betty whispered gently, "I will submit to you forever." Quite unable to resist the touch of her sweet fingers, I reached for the handcuffs. I would make her my linked slave.

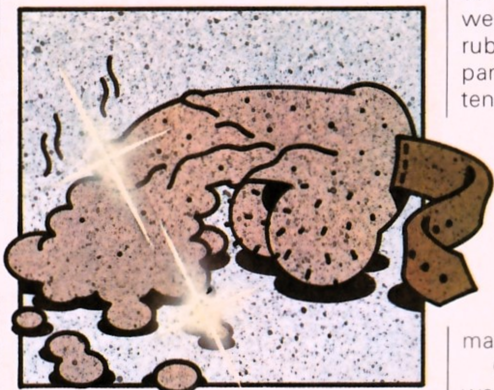
The cuffs fitted tightly around each wrist. Betty winced and moaned just like in a 'B' movie. I attached the other ends to what I thought were the bedposts. Mounted over her flattened breasts, my hungry organ ready to invade her, I bellowed, "Prepare to feel a swelling presence, my trapped little bird!"

My hand must have been pressing too tightly against Betty's arm. It was awful . . . *Crash . . . pop!*

"Oh, my Lord," whispered Betty. "The table lamp we purchased in Rome last summer."

Actually, a word of advice might be in order for you novice S&Mers. Attaching handcuffs in the dark, especially during the height of lascivious passion, may result in a particularly shattering experience, especially when they're attached to your table lamp!

It's been six months since that unfortunate weekend. As a matter of fact I'm just getting over a badly twisted knee which I received while trying to help my wife locate her 'Desperado' french tickler (a funny little rubber with small bumps attached). Actually, I should have removed the handcuffs from my ankles before crawling out of bed. But I'm getting ahead of the story. . .



Perhaps I might digress a moment and tell you briefly how Betty and I came to such an experiment. Despite our middle-class background, we've always fancied ourselves as thrill-seekers, rather than plain old shut-ins. Our sex life has always been rather nifty, even though we didn't actually 'get into' (I love that expression) any spicy side dishes like oral sex until long after we were married. Well, time went by and we realised our sex life was getting dull. So I decided to pick up a 'sexual' publication to find out what was new in the sex scene, as it were. I brought home this wonderful little paper-bound volume entitled, *Whip Me, Beat Me, Bite Me When You Eat Me*. I showed it to Betty. After she had fainted I explained that it was about time we took the plunge, or should I say flogging, into S&M. A bit uncertain, Betty wanted to flip through the booklet. Finally she came around. I think it was the advert for edible underwear made from spun sugar that eventually caught her fancy. Said Betty, "If it's true that man must suffer to be wise, let's get into it! It's our duty to be kinky."

Well, that did it. For several weekends we drove around town looking for various devices we saw advertised. We couldn't order them through the post. Can you imagine our postman having us sign a receipt for clitoral stimulators, to say nothing of edible underwear?

After three separate forays we spread out our wares on the living-room floor. It looked like a medieval torture chamber crossed with a massage parlour. One leather bikini (not to be put in your spin dryer) with zip, a French 'Desperado' tickler, a strap-on dildo, one horse-tail whip, 'His' and 'Hers' handcuffs (I still can't tell the difference), one female chastity belt (alas, this worked only too well), a pair of leather boots, banana body cream, edible underwear (which we were told went well with the body cream) one rubber wrist and ankle shackle, and a partridge in a pear tree (we had pretended we were doing some Christmas shopping)!

That was when our troubles began. . .

It took us all of Friday night to recover from the broken lamp. But by mid-Saturday afternoon, we were ready to steep ourselves in a torrent of sadomasochistic sex.

Closing my eyes, I told Betty that I was going to fantasise what I'd do to her. Just when I had myself all hot and frenzied, I opened my eyes. So much for my fantasy. Betty obviously had plans of her own. Clad in the leather chastity belt, a chain in one hand and motioning me to her with the other, Betty proceeded to challenge my dominant instincts;

"Whatever you want," she said, "you'll have to work for it."

Reaching for the horse-tail whip, I countered immediately; "You'll beg me to take it off of you." Grabbing the chain from her hand, I forced Betty to the floor.

"Remove the chastity belt or I'll . . . I'll come in your face," I demanded.

Betty was absolutely flushed with shock.

"I'm not going to do this if you talk to me like that," she complained.

I assured Betty that I was only being sadistic. But looking down at my help-

continued on page 34

SEXUAL AIDS

EXTREME RANGE

Without Embarrassment — Without Disappointment

ALL THIS PLUS FREE SAMPLES

GUARANTEE : TO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS WE GUARANTEE ABSOLUTE DISCRETION AND CONFIDENCE AND TO REPLACE ALL DEFECTIVE MERCHANDISE.

NON DOCTOR
PERSONAL VIBRATOR
Personal Vibrator

MISS WONDERFUL
LOVELY DOLL
FINGER TICKLER
Mr. WONDERFUL

OUR VIBRATOR COLLECTION — The Biggest and the Best. For the tingling exhilarating thrill of a Life-time.

MINI 4½″ VIBRO .... Regular £1.90 — With Tingler £2.90
STIMULANT 7″ VIBRO .... Regular £2.50 — De-Luxe **£4.95** — With 2 speed **£5.65** With variable speed **£6.25**
GIANT 10″ VIBRO .... Regular **£4.00** — De-Luxe **£6.50** With 2 speed **£7.50**
NON-DOCTOR DE-LUXE The World's most advanced Vibrator with 4 interchangeable heads — De-Luxe version only stock ....@ **£6.50**
ANGEL'S DELIGHT A specially contured vaginal stimulant ....only **£4.95**
DARING DIGIT A writhing King-Sized finger and thumb ....@ **£8.99**
UP & DOWNER (De-Luxe version only) A Multi-Purpose Hermit vibrator with many Functions. (Apart from up and down motions) **£11.50**
PENISATOR The first vibrator designed for use during intercourse to stimulate both Partners ....only **£4.95**
PORATOR The first vibrator for Gay couples **£4.95**
BEAR VIBRATOR A twisting super-hermit with a clitoral stimulator at the base ....@ **£9.99**

WE PROMISE YOU'LL HAVE TO SAY NO! MORE OFTEN WITH OUR EXTREME RANGE OF LEATHER AND RUBBERWEAR.

◀ LEATHER SPECTACULAR
All Top Quality Leather Goods. State: Small, Med, Large.

LEATHER OPERA MASK. For adding that touch of Mystic. ....only **£3.75**
LEATHER SAUNA WHIP. Hand-Made Cat-o-Nine for extra stimulation ....only **£9.00**
LEATHER WASPIE Incredible figure hugger only **£15.95**
LEATHER BRA AND BRIEF SET ....only **£11.50**
LEATHER SUSPENDER BELT ....only **£10.45**

RUBBER SPECTACULAR ▶
All Top Quality Latex Products. State: Small, Med, Large.

RUBBER LONG GLOVES. Incredibly Sexy .@ **£13.50**
RUBBER BRA. Will improve your Bust-Line as you never thought possible **£12.50**
RUBBER LADIES MINI-BRIEFS. Fit tightly and securely like a second skin. **£7.50**
RUBBER MALE PENIS PANTS. Rubber pants with sheath attachment **£9.00**

◀ LINGERIE SPECTACULAR
Spur him on tonight with the Sexiest Selection of Lingerie Available.
State: Large, Medium or Small (Red, Black or Purple).

SATIN BASQUE — See Picture.
Sensational figure — clinging Corsette only **£22.50**
PEEPHOLE BRA AND PANTIES SET. Exciting and alluring ....only **£5.90**
QUARTER-CUP BRAS To uplift and extend your breasts and emphasize your cleavage ....@ **£4.50**
MATCHING SUSPENDER BELT. Wide fit plus sheer Black Stockings for fatal effect **£3.80**

FREE with every Order over £5.00 A Mini Vibrator or Happy End Stimulator. (Mention the Name of this Magazine when ordering to qualify).

SEXUAL AIDS. All designed for the purpose of maximising the enjoyment of both partners
GARGANTUA. The biggest Dildo in the World measuring 16″ long and 9″ in circumference only **£26.50**
ARTIFICIAL VAGINA. A realistic Flesh-Like Reproduction of the Females' Sexual Anatomy. **£20.00**
YAGO PENIS-ENLARGEMENT METHOD. A tried and tested method. A Full 9 week course C/W Instructions. only **£11.50**
MR WUNDERFUL A device to maintain erection, stimulate the female and broaden the base of the penis. @ **£3.75**
DRY FRENCH TICKLERS Fun condoms in 8 different shapes. Flesh **£2.50** per 8 Black **£3.50** per 6
LUBRICATED FRENCH TICKLERS Flesh only. @ **£3.80** for 8
ROMEO AND HAPPy END. Clitoral Stimulators. Promotes Sexual Fulfillment to both Partners. @ **£1.99** each or **£3.70** the TWO
LOVE RING. An age-old Oriental device for stimulating both partners. @ **£2.99**
LUST FINGERS Love thimbles designed for Foreplay. @ **£2.99** for 2
EXTENSION SHEATH. Adds effective 1½″ to length (Flesh or Black). **£2.99**
LOVE EGGS. Reverberating Vaginal Love Balls. only **£3.75**
SOLID HAND DILDO Sculptured realistically in Flesh or Black Latex. Without Ejaculator **£9.99**. With Ejaculator **£13.99**
MASKULINER. A Male masturbating device C/W Vibrator. **£8.99**
MISS WONDERFUL (5′2″). A realistic doll-mate companion. For the man who gets it when he needs it. C/W Hair. Open mouth and Vagina. **£19.50**

Sexual Paradise
The Ecstasy Of Sex: The Complete Guide To Sex In Marriage
GUNTHER HUNNOLDS SEX ENCYCLOPEDIA
SATANS BO
BEDSIDE ADULT TAPES
THE INTERVIEW
HOMEWORK

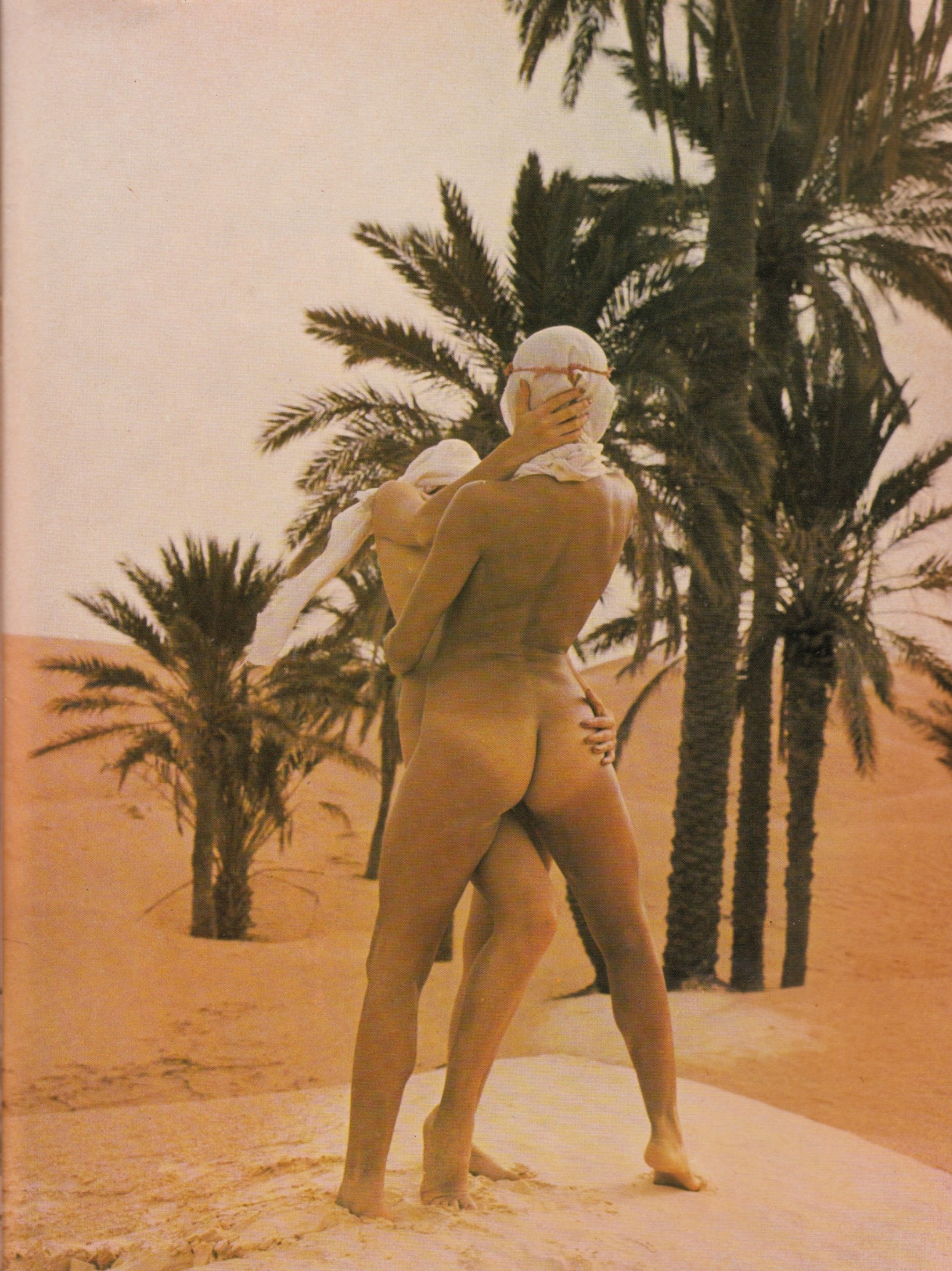
SUPER 8 200FT SEXPLICIT COLOUR FILMS
PROJECTOR ONLY £25.00
SPANKING FOR TWO. Two Bare Creamy Buttocks being tanned to a Rosey Crimson by an irate husband @ **£19.50**
KINKY LINDA/HOMEWORK. The Naughty goings-on of a naughty sexy schoolgirl @ **£19.50**
LES BE FRIENDS. The Frantic Passions of Two Lesbian Flatmates **£19.50**
SATAN'S BOYS. A Frank look into the Naked Rites of the Occult **£19.50**
BEDSIDE CASSETTES FOR ADULT LISTENING ONLY **ALL £3.50 EACH.**
GIRLS FOR SPANKING. The Corporal Discipline of a Boss over his Secretary.
SEXY COLLEGE GIRL. A young girl's Fantasies soon turn to Realities.
GAY GIRLS. The explicit Lesbian Love of Two Young Girls.
HITCH-HIKING GIRLS. A man gets more than he Bargained for when he offers a pretty young girl a lift.
THE INTERVIEW. The Shocking Confessions of a Top British Prostitute.
SUPER EDUCATIONAL SEX MANUALS — EXPLICIT & DIRECT
ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SEX. Gunther Hunnolds Famous Book **£7.00**
EXTASY OF SEX. No Brothel could teach you more **£3.25**
SEX IN MARRIAGE. The well-known Instruction Manual **£1.50**

OUR FULL COLOUR SEX-TOYS CATALOGUES CONTAIN BOOKS, FILMS, TAPES, RUBBERWEAR LINGERIE, LEATHERWEAR, SEX-AID POTIONS ETC. (A Pandora's Box for All Lovers) only 25p
OVERSEAS ORDERS WELCOME — PLEASE ADD 20% Post and Packing.

FILMS
BOOKS
SEX-TOYS

HOUSE OF PAN (CL1) UNIT 12, STATION ROAD, COLESHILL, BIRMINGHAM B46 1RR.

OASIS HIGH



S&M ISN'T FOR EVERYONE YOU KNOW

continued from page 26

less victim, I sensed a demonic power within me. I actually *felt* a little sadistic! Now if she could only get into the masochism. . .

I slapped the whip across Betty's chest. Flinching from the pain across her reddened breasts, she squealed, "I'll *never* remove this belt."

I flogged her several more times, causing thin red marks to appear across her belly and thighs. Standing directly over her head, I bent down, forcing my cock into her unwilling mouth.

"Take it off," I commanded.

Gurgling with a mouth full of cock, she reiterated her previous position. I finally stood up, shooting spurts of warm come across her mouth, cheeks, nose and hair, Betty shook her head violently, while rocking on her back like a dying insect.

"Now, I'm *really* not going to take it off," she insisted.

"Wait a minute! Are you going to get masochistic," I said, "or do I have to beat it out of you?"

Betty didn't respond. That's it, I thought, I'll get the key and take it off myself.

"Where's the key?" I asked.

"You'll never find it . . ." snapped Betty. A sudden calm overtook her. A tear-drop floating down from each eye, Betty continued, ". . . because when I threw the key on the floor, it bounced into the heating vent."

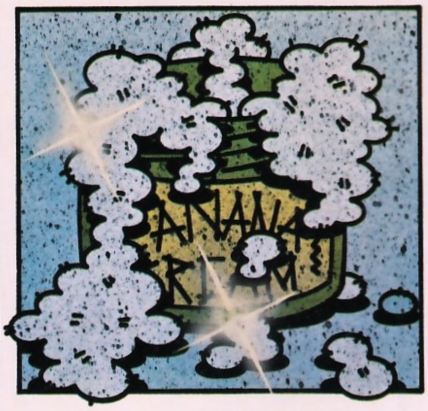
Well, so much for Saturday afternoon. We tried to pull the thing off, but Betty said it hurt too much. So I spent the rest of the day ripping apart the ventilating system, until I found the key.

After a quick shower, Betty and I got right back into it. We don't give up easily, you know.

This time it would be Betty's turn to dominate. We headed for the bedroom where the brisk night air filtered in through the slightly opened window. Using the 'His' handcuffs to link my hands and the 'Hers' to secure my feet, she spread-eagled me on the bed. Then she produced the 'Desperado' French tickler. And *tickle* she did; starting with the balls of my feet. (It wasn't until a week later that we discovered the real use for this device). Knowing that I'm insanely ticklish, she managed to have me begging for mercy within seconds.

Before I could catch my breath, she straddled my chest, plopped her fluffy bush on to my face and ordered, "Eat me!"

I faithfully complied. For no reason, I clamped my teeth down on a patch of pubes and pulled. Shrieking madly, Betty sent her flailing hand thundering across my face.



"Now you're going to get it," she said defiantly.

Producing the strap-on dildo, she smeared the tip with glistening vaseline. Strapping it on, she flaunted her 'eight inches' at me. Unhooking each handcuff in turn, she flipped me over onto my stomach. Betty had accepted her rôle.

I shuddered, but realised Betty was nervous, too. Betty missed and the dildo slid halfway up my back.

"It won't happen again," she whispered.

And it didn't. Betty laughed as I groaned. The idea of fucking *me* filled her mouth with wells of saliva. Dripping onto my back, she wheezed with pleasure. Then, without warning, the wheezing changed to short gasps of breath. Ah . . . ah . . . ah. Oh no, I thought, not now. Ah . . . ah . . . Not with eight inches up my . . . AHCHOO!

"Close the fucking window," I bellowed.

"I must be getting a cold," Betty sighed. "Did I hurt you?"

Needless to say, it took the whole night to recover from that one. I thought for relaxation I might eat off her edible underpants, but when we picked them up off the carpet they had fluff all over them. We called it a night.

Sunday came and Betty and I decided to go for broke.

Completely naked, I slipped into the low-heeled leather boots. The whip in one hand, I stood at attention like some Czarist general. Ripping Betty's nightgown away, I ordered her to masturbate in front of me. She begged me not to humiliate her any more. Responding with several lashes across the back, I advised her that I was going to make this work.

As her finger found the inside of her hole, I knelt down and ordered her to crawl to me and suck my cock, then lick my boots. Like a good soldier Betty licked frenetically, washing my cock and salivating over every inch of leather.

Everything was going as planned. I stood up quickly. . .

"Damn it; son-of-a-bitch!" My leg had gone to sleep. It was all pins and needles. I shook my leg and caught Betty right in the mouth with the tip of my boot. Her mouth bleeding, Betty got up and yelled; "You caught me in the mouth, you stupid old fart!"

A weekend of S&M had turned abruptly into a fat lip.

Well, looking back on it, I suppose there is a lesson somewhere in all this. I remember the exuberance with which we went through our catalogue. It was quite a fantasy.

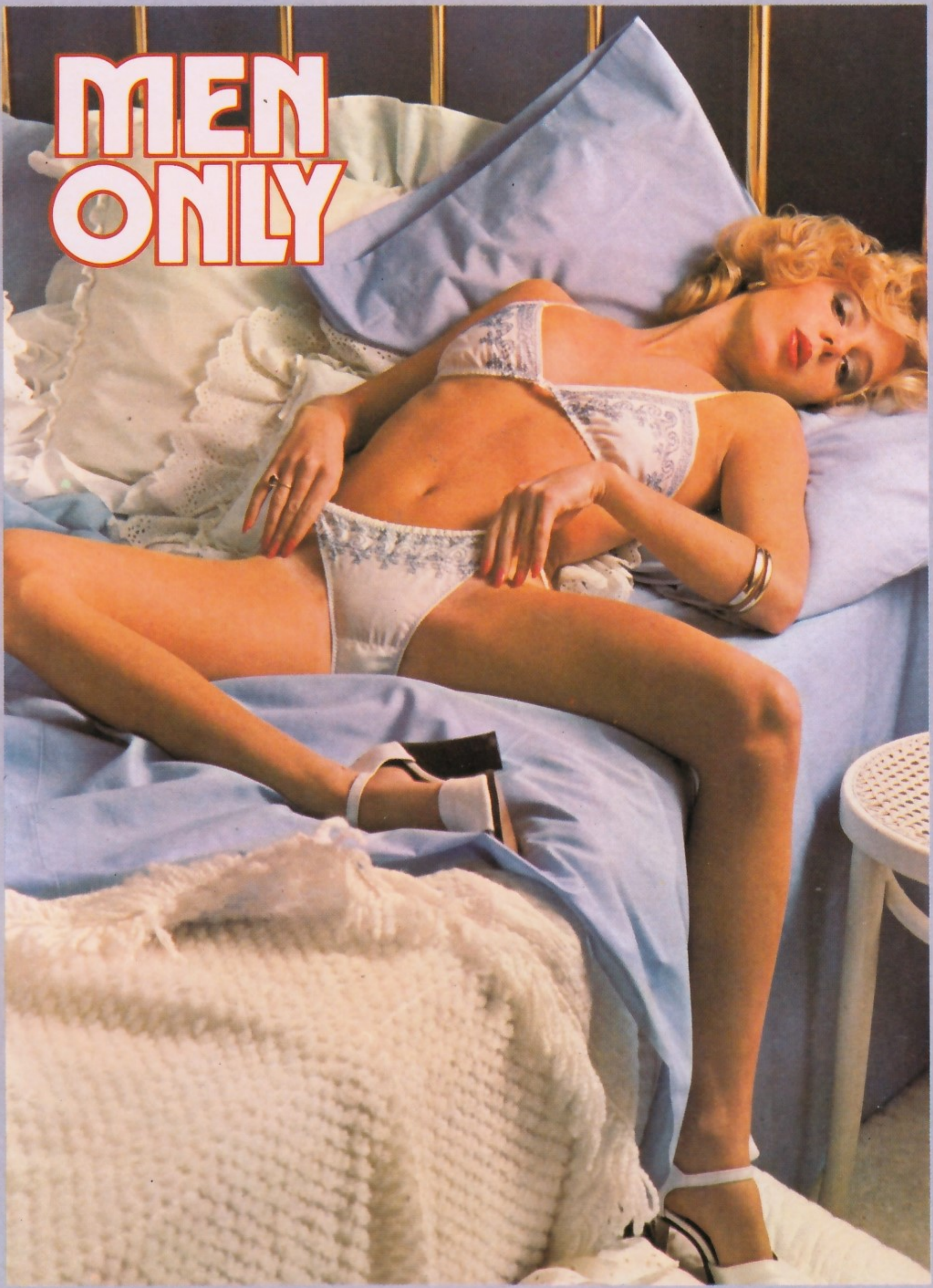
Discussing our experience, Betty and I managed to decide a couple of things. First of all, we never really thought about the meaning of S&M; that is, deriving pleasure out of giving and/or receiving pain. I guess we really weren't prepared for that sort of relationship.

Even more important, we tried *too hard* to make it work. We were so uptight, I'm sure that's why so many accidents occurred.

So far we've given some of our equipment away to the local police station and some to the riding stable. The fact is, we weren't ready for this kind of life and that's the truth. And although the truth hurts a little, it isn't so painful once you realise it. But you know, every once and a while, we get the urge to be daring again.

We're keeping our 'Desperado'. ♣

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS OUT



. . . there's too much. For example, the irrepressible Clifford Irving reveals an extraordinary adventure from his extraordinary life involving death-defying activities on the high seas. Wolf Mankowitz presents some fables for our times, about men and women, lust and love, good and evil — with the subtle illustrations of Charles Raymond. Fiona Richmond talks to Divine (who is Divine? you'll be astonished) and introduces those wild, wanton, wicked women behind bars. And as if this wasn't enough, there's adult science fiction, notes on the smell of sex, some late summer fantasies and, as usual, pages of those devastating, delicious, desirable damsels you've grown used to finding in Men Only.

HEAVEN–5, Regalia

by T. Christopher Siklos
Illustration by Ean Taylor

The bright orange sun had nearly melted into the shimmering carpet called the Pacific Ocean when Rico Darvelli brought his XJS to rest before 5 Regalia, a chalet of wood and glass that was to him the capital of California, the most compelling reason for visiting that state.

As a rule, he preferred the cooler climate of northern Europe but the visits he made to 5 Regalia more than compensated for the discomfort caused by the heat and humidity. Business made Los Angeles necessary and the little chalet made it bearable.

Stepping from his gleaming silver bullet on wheels, he stretched, smoothed out his well-cut suit, walked several paces and stopped, turning back to admire his machine.

"Beautiful," he sighed, executing a low, sweeping bow that was fit for a queen. Rico Darvelli knew the meaning of passion and attacked each day with an inborn ferocity, living every moment as though it were his last.

Satisfied that he had shown due respect to his sleeping beauty, he resumed his journey along the ornately paved walk, drinking in the picturesque foliage and colourful flowers.

His sensual awareness always seemed to increase tenfold as he neared the front door, a change that never ceased to amaze or delight him. It was always a good thing made better, a dream brought to life.

Heaven – 5, Regalia.

Smiling like a child on Christmas morning and bursting with easily as much blind anticipation, Rico Darvelli, designer *par excellence,* reverently touched the nipple-like button that would announce his arrival.

Through the door he could hear the delicate chimes sing their tender song, some nameless little jingle that he never seemed to forget. Dee da dee da – do da deedle da. *Beautiful!*

As the door swung open, the sweet aroma of vanilla incense graced his smog-filled nostrils, the sound of soft spoken greetings caressed his abused urban ears, and, nicest of all, the sight of undraped femininity, tanned and faultless, soothed his irritated eyes.

"Ah, dear Rico, come in, come in. I thought you'd forgotten me."

Rico laughed quietly, gently placing his arm around Sasha's silky shoulder as he closed the door behind them. In all his life, no woman had so touched his soul. In her presence, there was nothing else, not time, not space, life, death, or God. Only Sasha, queen of 5, Regalia.

"Sasha, my love, forget you? Surely I would sooner forget to breathe. It has been far too long, this business of mine takes its toll. Meetings, meetings, meetings. If I wasn't so damn greedy and spoiled rotten, I'd give it all up and become a beachcomber or something equally as interesting. Would you love me then?"

They both laughed heartily, knowing the answer and yet not caring in the least. Rico would become a loafer the day possessing money became an indictable offence and even then, it would be questionable.

"Liqueur?"

He smiled. "Surprise me," he replied, settling into the overstuffed sofa and admiring his lithe, loving hostess. *Power,* he gloated, *has its rewards.* He momentarily turned his eyes heavenwards and muttered a sincere, "Thanks."

"Ah, chocolate cherry. An excellent choice, my dear. Sneaky little concoction, though. It lulls you into a sense of false security with its pleasant taste and then suddenly, as you approach one of your finest moments, it strikes you mightily in the head and trousers, leaving you helpless and useless to yourself and others."

"Tonight, however, I will guard against its tasty deceit. I will not be denied the pleasure you so adeptly administer. Cheers!"

"Cheers!" she echoed, raising an imaginary glass to her full, pink lips and taking a slow, leisurely sip in perfect time with Rico's. She never did indulge in alcohol, opting instead for the tamer and more nourishing fruit juices that filled her fridge.

"I'll be right back," she cooed, "I must have something short and cool before I have something long and hot. . ."

With that, Sasha left the room and Rico left the planet. The fuse had been ignited earlier, but the bellows had just been applied, causing him to moan approvingly.

Sasha returned almost immediately, carrying a pewter goblet of fresh coconut milk, which she sipped through a straw. She joined Rico on the sofa, sitting so close that he was sure he could hear the beating of her heart and the warm juices flowing to her cunt.

"Have you sucked any cocks lately?" Rico inquired very matter of factly. The tales of her various exploits excited him terribly and made her all the more desirable. He had his little oddities – but then, haven't we all?

"Oh, Rico, you're such a lecher! I love it! Guess what? You're so appreciative of my erotic adventures that I've prepared a special surprise for you.

"Last week a certain artist came to call and unknown to him – I think he'd kill himself if he found out – I put our whole encounter on film for *your* entertainment.

"You always have been my favourite lover and cock and so, I do this for you. Sit back then and let the show begin!"

Rico was totally devastated by lust and could manage no more than an incredulous, "Bravo."

Sasha reached behind the couch and touched a button which set an automatic redecoration of the room into motion. All the windows were darkened by heavy wooden shutters on motorised hinges. A huge viewing screen dropped from behind a heavy light bar attached to the ceiling and a painting opposite it on the far wall swung aside to reveal a projector.

Rico was very impressed by the hidden theatre. "Wonderful," he whispered with genuine amazement.

"I'm so glad you like it. It was designed by a brilliant young engineer who visits occasionally. There are movie cameras in every room of the house, standing at the ready to record my greatest triumphs for future amusement. Now, for the show. . ."

She pressed another concealed button, putting out the lights and starting the film. "Bravo," repeated Rico softly.

The film opened with a shot of the artist seated on the sofa in the exact spot now occupied by Rico. Sasha, as usual, was quite naked (Rico often wondered if she did, in fact, own any clothing) and engaged in slowly massaging the young man's bulging crotch. The artist was smiling; Rico understood perfectly.

Sasha proceeded to unsnap, unzip, and help the gentleman off with his jeans, under which he wore no underwear of any kind, a practice which Rico always found unbearable.

"I don't know how other men can stand it, it's so hard on the balls," he declared. Sasha giggled and started playing with Rico's cock as they continued to watch the film.

The artist was naked by this time and, artfully, the camera zoomed in for a close-up of his impressive erection (easily 10 inches from stem to stern), prompting Sasha to explain to the eternally curious Rico that it was unexact (a stroke, if you will, of good luck) and achieved, once again, through a hidden control.

Sasha's on-screen hand took a firm hold on the cock and began to pump it with slow, graceful movements. A quick cut to the man's face confirmed that he was enjoying it immensely, evidenced by the licking of his lips and a small rivulet of saliva running down his chin and dripping off-screen.

"As soon as I touched his cock he started begging me to suck it. He doesn't know me nearly as well as you do dear Rico. Imagine someone actually begging me to suck his cock! That's like begging me to take my clothes off, is it not?"

"Ohhh, indeeeeeed, *mmmmmnnn,* how, how, foolish of him. Suck my cock, Sasha, don't tease me, I deserve better treatment," Rico groaned.

"You devil!" Sasha squealed, and as Rico's eyes remained fixed to the screen, Sasha's mouth became fixed to his cock.

"Ohhhh, my love, you are *sooooo*

continued on page 40

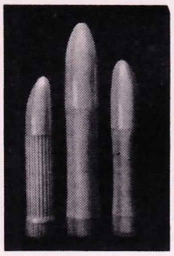
good vibrations!

Here is the finest selection of battery-powered vibrating devices ever offered—devices that can add a new dimension to your sensual experiences, enabling you to reach new heights of enjoyment and fulfillment. Choose your favourite—each has its own particular refinement—and remember, whatever your choice, every item carries our own 6 month guarantee of quality.

NON DOCTOR de luxe

Exclusive to Superia Supplies this new improved version of the most popular luxury vibrator on the market now comes with dual speed and intensity control PLUS four extra sleeve attachments for even more fantastic sensations. Sculptured in smooth black plastic with its distinctive gold band, it is unrivalled for sturdiness and quiet action. Attractively boxed, it makes an ideal gift. The complete kit, including batteries and extra sleeves for just **£5.65**.

Non Doctor
Personal Vibrator



STIMULANT

This model is the 'de-luxe' of the standard 7" vibrators. Of quality construction, it is both quiet and powerful in use.
One speed model **£2.95** Two speed model **£3.50**

STALLION

King-size for kingsize sensations. 10" in length. A luxury item with a simulated leather handgrip. **£3.95**

MULTI-SPEED

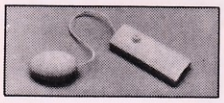
The latest innovation. A quality massager with a built-in control to vary the speed and intensity of the vibrations from the lowest purr to the fastest buzz. **£3.50**.

HERMIT

Moulded in shiny rubber, this vibrator combines stimulating pulsations with a fascinating snake-like gyrating action. **£4.95**

TEMPTATION

Satisfied customers have described this vibrator's action as 'truly fantastic'. Made of softly cushioned rubber, you can switch it to vibrate only OR push the second button and the purr combines with a straight up-and-down concertina movement. **£4.95**

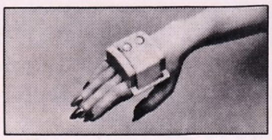


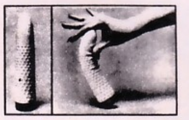
ANGEL'S DELIGHT

This vibrating egg is the perfect answer for the special areas of the body requiring stimulation. It comes with a remote controlled power unit that can be adjusted from a low purr to an ecstatic brr . . . **£4.50**.

MAGIC FINGERS

The intimacy of human fingers. Your fingers PLUS the excitement and stimulation of a most sophisticated vibro-massager. Your fingers graduate the strength of the vibrations because they come through you—an extraordinary sensual experience. **£2.75 each £4.95 pair.**



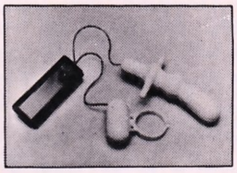


BENDER

A breakthrough in massagers for those who think an ordinary plastic vibro is not sufficiently natural. The spongy-rubber Bender is the perfect answer—powerful vibrations plus springy resilience.
£4.95.

DOUBLE DELIGHT

The ultimate exciter for the sexually adventurous couple. It combines both the Penisator (C-ring vibro) and the Porator (T-shape vibro) to provide a whole new range of possibilities. Use both sections on one partner or one on each or whichever way takes your fancy! Variable speed and intensity control. £7.95. The Penisator and Porator are available separately at £5.95 each.



SUPERIA SUPPLIES (CV), 37 Queens Road, Brighton, Sussex BN1 3XR.

I am over 18. Please send me the following item(s) by return of post, post free, under plain cover. I Enclose P.O./Cheque for £__________

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

Full catalogue of marital aids included with all orders (or send stamp).
Trade enquiries invited.

EVEN MORE RED HOT BLUE MOVIES FROM

UNIQUE

Yet another pulsating selection of red hot home movies for the adult collector. Hot on realism, hot on action and with a 30% discount – hot on price. All the films are Super 8 colour or black and white and each one is superbly photographed and fully uncensored to guarantee you the maximum pleasure.

30% DISCOUNT

XX2 FREE LOVE 2F/2M

The two teenage girls were willing, but they never reckoned with the demands of these two husky men.

XX11 SEX CENSUS 2F/1M

See two big busted well built girls devoting their combined talents to pleasing a young, lusty and muscular man.

XX15 WAITING & WILLING 2M/2F

Certainly they are all very willing, but we don't see them waiting around for very long! It's action, action all the way.

XX17 WILD LOVERS 1M/3F

This lucky chap is outnumbered with three beautiful girls to contend with, but it's certainly no one-sided match!

XX18 LUST SEEKERS 2F/1M

We are not sure who is supposed to be seeking the lust – the man or the two girls who share his bed. They are certainly all very lusty performers.

PROJECTOR OFFER

Fully automatic feed and take up – mains operated, zoom attachment, adjustable focus and frame hold. Free preview screen and spare bulb for just £16.95 plus 85p p&p.

PRICES XX2 – 18 RANGE

COLOUR: £8 each (usual price £10). Any three £22.50. All five £35.00.
BLACK & WHITE: £5 each (usual price £6) Any three £14.00. All five £22.50.

BLUE FILM CLUB

By sending 25p only (free membership with purchase) you will automatically become a member of our blue-movie club and receive regular mailings of our fantastic film offers. These contain hundreds of film titles to suit all tastes – even some sound movies. First bumper catalogue sent by return of post. JOIN NOW!

IMPORTANT OFFER

Here's your BIG CHANCE to buy from another EXCLUSIVE LIST of hard-to-get SUPER 8mm SEX FILMS at even bigger discounts. YES – for each film (colour or b/w) that you buy in the XX2 – 18 range at the Special Price mentioned you have the option to snap up ANY 3 TITLES from the following selection of sensational films for ONLY £5 each – that's real value! All approx. 200ft B/W Super 8mm only.
Please tick as required.

Hell Fire Club ☐
Certificate X ☐
Honeymoon Night ☐
Kinky Boots ☐
Planned Seduction ☐
The Round Up ☐
Sexhibitionist ☐
Feminine Touch ☐
Massage ☐
Six of the Best ☐
Silk Stockings ☐
All Woman ☐
Wild Women ☐
Helga from Copenhagen ☐

PROJECTOR plus free preview screen and spare bulb ☐

XX RANGE COLOUR ☐ BLACK & WHITE ☐
XX2 ☐ XX11 ☐ XX15 ☐ XX17 ☐ XX18 ☐

Please tick your requirements. I enclose cash, cheque, P.O. for £
I am over 18. I enclose 25p for leaflets and club membership only ☐

NAME................

ADDRESS................

UNIQUE FILMS **(Dept CI) 69 Long Lane, London, EC1A 9EJ**

HEAVEN-5, Regalia

continued from page 38

talented. I would applaud you but, alas, I'm far too weak to move my arms." *Such an actor,* she thought, *such a man.*

Sasha licked Rico's stiff member as her soft hands massaged his large, hairy balls. She flicked her tongue over them and pumped him rhythmically as he continued to observe the poor artist's 'downfall', his lust growing to mammoth proportions and threatening to explode all over the room.

Rico watched as Sasha began to hungrily blow the cock on the screen and bellowed, "Bravo my flower!" as she in turn began to earnestly devour *him* in person. He grabbed her long, dark hair in his meaty fist, using her lovely mouth to jerk himself off, wondering how he had managed to stay away from her for so long.

He turned his attention away from the movie and gazed down at Sasha, who was merrily gorging herself on hot cock.

"Oh, Rico," she moaned between mouthfuls, "yours is the best, *mmph,* truly, *mmllp,* the best cock of all."

"And there is no more talented a mouth on this earth, dear Sasha, than your own," Rico panted, returning the compliment.

"Lick the head, Sasha, lick the head, I love that so much, I don't have to tell you, but, *ohhhh,* it just makes me hotter, yes, yes, *mmmnnnnn,* that's the way, oh God, you do it like no other, no other at all."

"Oh, Rico, my darling, *gullp,* I . . . the. . . , *mnnnn,* play with my tits, Rico, play with my nipples, I love it when you play with them. I, I want to drink your come, I love to talk dirty when we're hot, it's foolish but, but it's sexy, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes, yes, my Sasha, it *is* foolish and yes, yes, yes, it is very fucking, do you hear that, very fucking sexy, mm*mmmmmnnnn*, sexy, *ohhhh,* as your mouth, and your tongue and your tits and your arse and your legs and feet and hands . . . I'm coming, no, not yet, good, not, not yet, *mmnnnnn.*"

Rico, meanwhile, had begun to play with her tits, which were large by any standards and crowned by nipples that never seemed to get hard. That in itself drove Rico mad, for this was a delicious phenomenon that he had never before encountered.

Soft, supple nipples made him hot, as did big firm tits, and incredibly, Sasha was possessed of both.

"Come, Rico, come, should I tell you about how I sucked the come out of the artist who sat where you sit now? Would you, *gullp,* like to hear about how I sucked his cock, and pumped it and how I almost choked, he came so much and screamed at the top of his, *gurrgle,* lungs as he did?"

She was baiting him, bringing him closer and closer to the edge, the explosion.

"He came so much, Rico, that I couldn't hold it all in my mouth," she tried to suck and narrate at the same time, "and so it gushed out and ran down my chin, *slurrp, gurrrgle,* and slopped all over my big, meaty tits." Big meaty tits. That got him.

"Viva la big meaty tits, big meaty tits!" he screamed, smiling madly and waving his arms frantically over his head.

Sasha continued to suck him.

"Viva la 5 Regalia! Viva la come in your mouth, come in your mouth, come in your mouth! Viva la big, meaty tits!"

Sasha had never seen Rico quite this insane before and, she reasoned, it was undoubtedly due to the film. She made a mental note to *always* show him a film during his visits.

Still yelling and thrusting his hips with great vigour, Rico delivered his sticky load to her longing lips, in several long, forceful bursts. As he came, he took a firm hold on a handful of sofa and promptly tore it loose, shocking her beyond belief and overcoming her with indescribable lust. In all her experience, she had never seen anything quite like it.

Having swallowed all his hot cream she gasped, "You're a madman, Darvelli, a hot-cocked madman! You terrify me with your raving! What in heaven's name will you do next, you monster?" She spoke with mock terror, knowing that it would drive him to greater heights of madness.

Rico played right along, whether he knew it or not. "So, a monster, am I? Well then, I will have to kill you, won't I? I sentence you to die by the sword! The hot, throbbing sword I hold between my legs. On the floor. On your stomach, wench, for execution of your sentence!"

He got up and grabbed her once again by her hair, firmly forcing her to the floor and down on to her belly. His powerful hands forced her legs apart and with a mighty thrust, he plunged his 'foil' into her yielding cunt.

"Ah, your hole is so wet! How do you make it so wet? There is no wetter cunt in the universe. None wetter and none softer." Rico had a way with words that sent her reeling.

Sasha loved to talk dirty when fucking and sucking, and Rico brought out the best in both of them. She was always good, but with him, she was truly *great*.

This initial encounter continued for another two hours or so, alternating between inspired fucking and fellatio (she was not a lover of cunnilingus) and brief intermissions. Even when they had had their fill, they were far from exhausted, just temporarily delightfully satiated.

Rico was, at times, hopelessly romantic. That was, perhaps, the feature that made him so different from the others. "I have no other enjoyment as fulfilling as that which I share with you, dear Sasha. Ah, my business keeps me occupied and the money is very satisfying but with other women, I feel so empy. You are free, happy, satisfying and undemanding. You are truly the personification of a dream."

He chuckled. "Listen to me. I sound like some kind of lovesick little schoolboy. Ahhh, isn't it fantastic?"

Sasha just lay there smiling, enjoying his words and compliments. Rico was one of a kind. Five Regalia was simply an address without him; with him — well with him, it was heaven.♣

TOPLESS MASSAGE!

By really attractive young girls who do know how to look after you, and who are waiting for all you men who may be feeling lonely and in need of the soothing complete relaxation a full massage can bring, in our luxurious salon.

Our masseuses have been specially trained to take care of you. Many of them having just joined us, previously being secretaries, receptionists etc. We choose them for their friendly manner and good looks, and we feel you will be very, very pleasantly surprised after a visit to us.

So come along and see our girls soon – they are waiting for you. Try our exclusive VIP massage or our topless special.

CLAUDINE'S

30 EVERSHOLT ST, LONDON, NW1
(Opp. Euston Station)
Tel: 01-388 2760/2768, 01-387 6132
Open 7 days a week 11.00 am – 1.00 am.
No appointment necessary. Visiting service available.

REMEMBER
we are open Saturdays and Sundays.

NEW SUPER GIRLS AT A SUPER NEW SAUNA

Come along and find out for yourself about our super topless, two-girl super topless and our super VIP special – it really is worth a visit. Licenced bar and TV lounge too.

No appointment necessary.
Open 7 days 11am – 12pm
(3 minutes West Croydon Station)

REDUCED RATES FOR LIMITED PERIOD

CANDY'S

81 LONDON ROAD
CROYDON
01-681 6411
01-680 1008

VISITING SERVICE AVAILABLE

IMPORTED AMERICAN PORNOGRAPHIC PHOTO NOVELS

JUST
90p
EACH

HOW TO ORDER

1) **FROM YOUR LOCAL NEWSAGENT Order them for April or direct from us NOW.**
2) **FROM OUR MAIL ORDER DEPT. NOVELS MAIL ORDER, 34 UPTON LANE, LONDON, E7**
3) **CALL IN PERSON AT EITHER OF OUR SHOPS:–**
   - **a. THE BOOKSHOP 1539 London Road, Norbury, SW16. Weekdays 10.30am-6.00pm Saturday 10.30am-3.45pm One minute from Norbury Station, which is just 15 minutes from Victoria station (British Rail).**
   - **b. THE PRIVATE SHOP 34 Upton Lane Forest Gate, London, E7. Weekdays 9.30am-6.00pm (Wednesday 8.00pm) Saturday 9.30am-3.45pm. We are just 2 minutes from Forest Gate. British Rail station, from LIVERPOOL St., or ten minutes from Upton Park, District Line tube.**

BOOTSIE FINNEGAN

Porno action in prohibition Chicago. Bootsie Finnegan, gangster "hung like a horse", eliminates his rivals by torturing and raping their women folk, using his "horse"-like tool to devastating effect.

MADCAP MAUD

A pretty Victorian Maiden seeks fame and fortune in London, where her lovely young body becomes a magnet for the depraved rich. She soon becomes the most sought-after prostitute in England – and a sexy spy for the Secret Service.

SEXY SISTER CAPER

Sex-mad sisters Suzan and Fiona take off from home in an insatiable search for the rampant cock, but trouble comes when they bed a wanted criminal, with a rather large 'jemmy' in his trousers.

SEX-CRAZED GO-GO GIRL

Liz Abbott, topless go-go girl, featuring full, explicit descriptions of backstage gang-bangs with tools rammed up everything, where Liz does three at once and the nights she did "special" acts behind locked doors.

LADY SUSTANT'S RECRUIT

Walford Sustant, embarks on a career of sexual experimentation and perversion, organising orgies for the rich, and shagging his way through as many females silly enough to take the Spanish Fly. Then comes the day when Walford goes too far...

I WAS A HAMBURG PAID STUD

"Jack the Lad" from Hackney makes the "big" time as the star stud at Hamburg's brothel-for-women, where he meets a kinky duchess who agrees to finance a series of blue films – with Jack as the star! Fully illustrated with lots of pornographic pictures of screwing, sucking and fingering.

SEX SLAVE OF THE ARABS

A beautiful innocent English teenaged girl is kidnapped by a white slavery gang and taken to Beirut, where she is made to perform all kinds of sexual indecencies with men, animals and the mysterious Sheik Zaid.

SEX SCORES SETTLED

The tale of a superstud sailor who seeks his wife's killer and who breaks the wall of silence surrounding her death by raping the suspect's wives and girlfriends. Tough, porn action throughout.

ORDER FORM Please supply the following porno novels at **90**p each (£1.00 each mail order). All 8 for just £7.00 – tick as applicable.

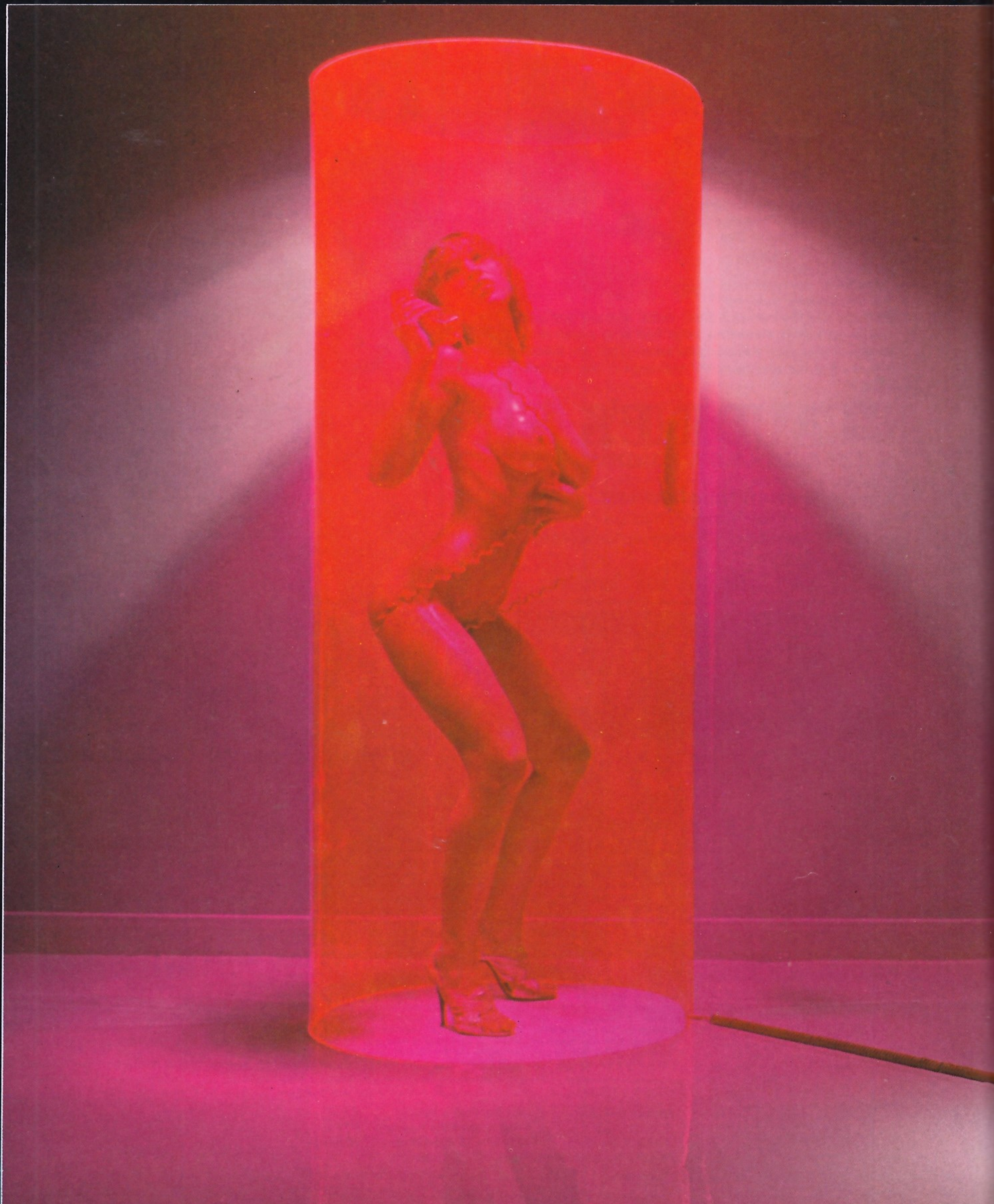
☐ BOOTSIE FINNEGAN
☐ MADCAP MAUD
☐ SEXY SISTERS CAPER
☐ SEX-CRAZED GO-GO GIRL
☐ LADY SUSTANT'S RECRUIT
☐ I WAS A HAMBURG PAID STUD
☐ SEX SLAVE OF THE ARABS
☐ SEX SCORES SETTLED

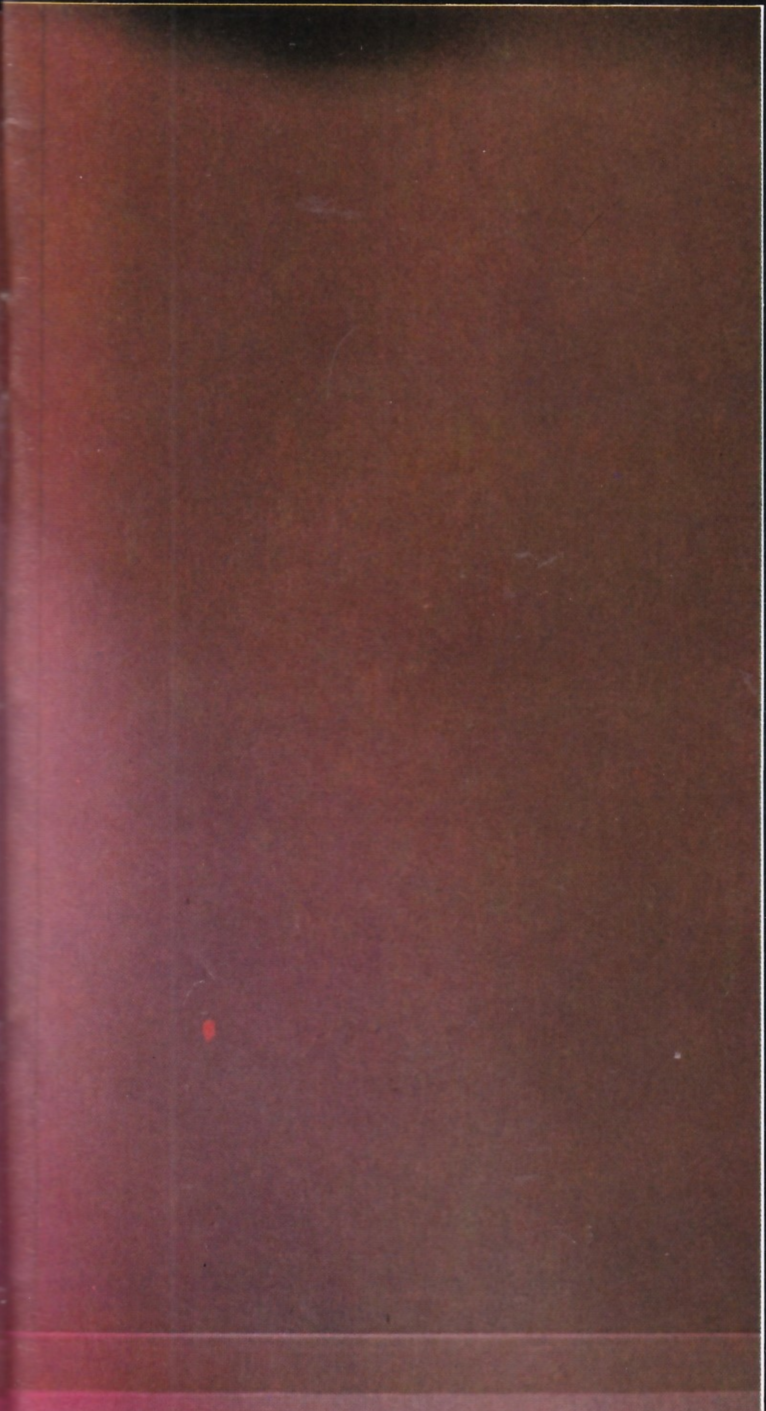
NAME...
ADDRESS...
....

I enclose £..............

If you do not wish to damage this magazine, you may write your order on a plain sheet of paper.

NOVELS MAIL ORDER (DEPT CI) 34 UPTON LANE, FOREST GATE, LONDON, E7





FANTASEX... FANTASEX... FANTASEX...

by Gerald J. Francischelli
photographs by Dandelion

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree...

"I entered the booth, not really sure what was supposed to happen. I closed and locked the door behind me, and then I dropped four 25¢ pieces into the coin machine. In front of me was a tall panel of thick, clear plastic, going from the floor of the booth to the ceiling. Behind the plastic, blocking my view, was a screen. When the quarters dropped, the screen began to roll up, and I could see into the other side of the booth. Sitting there, on a chair, was this really beautiful blonde. She was completely naked, and she had her thighs spread wide apart. I found myself staring at her pussy.

"It was like a peep show, I realised – but it was my own private peep show. Just me and the blonde. There was a telephone connecting the two sides of the booth, and I spoke to her. I asked her what I was supposed to do. She said: *Do anything you feel like, baby. It's just me and you.* By the time I figured out what that meant, and got my fly unzipped, my time was nearly up.

"I dropped four more quarters into the slot, whipped out my dick, and began jerking off, looking at the blonde's pussy. All the while I pumped on myself, I talked to her on the telephone. I tell you, it was really wild . . . *fantastic!* It was like a fantasy come true. She watched me, I watched her, and then I came – all over the plastic partition that separated the two sides of the booth."

The words were spoken by Victor R., a 32-year-old tax accountant, married, father of two girls. Victor is a semi-regular customer of New York City's Show World Centre, that stately pleasure-dome located (appropriately enough) at *669* Eighth Avenue, right in the heart of Times Square. The booth Victor described is a *One-on-One* booth, the Show World's latest, and perhaps kinkiest, contribution to the art of fantasy fulfillment.

"The One-on-One booth is an original idea of Show World's," confirmed John Wilson, General Manager of the Show World Centre, America's largest erotic supermarket. "I don't know what goes on in the booth once the doors are shut; that's strictly between the customer and the woman. But I can tell you this, the One-on-One booth has really taken off. New York loves it."

And New York loves Show World – and has ever since the Centre opened its doors in August, 1975. It's not difficult to understand the reasons for this mutual passion. The Show World Centre represents a revolutionary new concept in the world of erotica: it stands as a classy, dazzling, three-floor sexual department store, literally a bright and glittering palace dedicated to sensuality.

Housed under the Centre's single roof can be found: a fully-stocked adult bookshop; large display cases containing such sexual novelties as dildoes, vibrators, French ticklers,

Perspex cylinder by R. Denny & Co. Ltd., London W14. Telephones courtesy of Chevronne Boutique, London, W1.

artificial mouths, cunts, and bodies; 25¢ peep machines, with more than 240 separate pieces of erotic film to be viewed: *two* peep-alive shows, in which customers can watch a string of naked dancing women for a quarter; a hardcore video theatre, followed by a live show; and, of course, the One-on-One booths. In addition to all this, Show World charges no admission and is open 24 hours a day. And, from one a.m. to nine, top-quality porn films are shown in its clean and comfortable 102-seat basement theatre.

Show World sells one other commodity; *cleanliness!* And this has contributed as much to the Centre's spectacular success as any erotic item available. Among its staff of more than 60 employees is a large crew of porters whose job it is to keep the erotic marketplace immaculate. Considering the volume of business the Centre does, this is a major task.

"We keep porters on 24 hours a day," explained John Wilson. "And we have a crew of three porters working the one-to-nine (a.m.) shift, to get the place ready for the next day's business. I think that's one of our biggest draws. The people who come here know they're not going to brush against a booth and get semen all over them. Or step in piss in one of the booths. This is a concept we've had from the beginning."

There are seven One-on-One booths, and they are located on the mezzanine floor. The price, for two minutes of personal attention behind closed doors, is a reasonable $1.

We asked several of the women who work in the booths to tell us some of the stranger and more fascinating things they have seen or have been asked to do.

"Sometimes they get down on their knees," revealed Sophie, a pretty, laughing 21-year-old, with big dark eyes and long black hair. "They say they want to be our slaves. They want us to do all sorts of weird things to them."

We asked Sophie how it made her feel to be naked in front of strange men while they jerked off for her. She giggled and smiled almost shyly. "I like to be watched."

There were other stories from other women, tales of every fetish imaginable: men wearing bras and girdles; an old man, naked except for a pair of plain white cotton panties; a customer who could only come if the woman played with her breasts and sucked on her nipples. Paula, a very attractive ash blonde with green eyes, told about the man who turned around 'and stuck a long stick up his ass'.

But the most bizarre incident was related by Diane, a 24-year-old former secretary. She told of the customer who pushed a piece of paper to her under the plastic partition. Without explaining why, he instructed her to *spit* into the folded paper three times. She did, and the man came.

Not every user of the One-on-One booths has such *outré* preoccupations. Some customers neither drop their pants nor even bother to unzip. "A lot of them just stand there and watch," Paula told us. "Or they just talk to you."

One thing you'll never find at Show World is animal films or films involving children. Although there is a definite market for these films, John Wilson, and the owners of the complex, have chosen not to carry them. This decision has been made, not for business reasons, but for moral ones.

"I have three boys," explained John, "and I wouldn't want to see them involved. I feel it destroys the morals of the minor. The owners have a good outlook on this; they say there's good and bad in every line. And it's true. If you look in prison, you'll find doctors, you'll find lawyers, you'll find congressmen, and you'll find porno people who sell films of kids. Why condemn a whole industry for one or two bad apples who want to make money?"

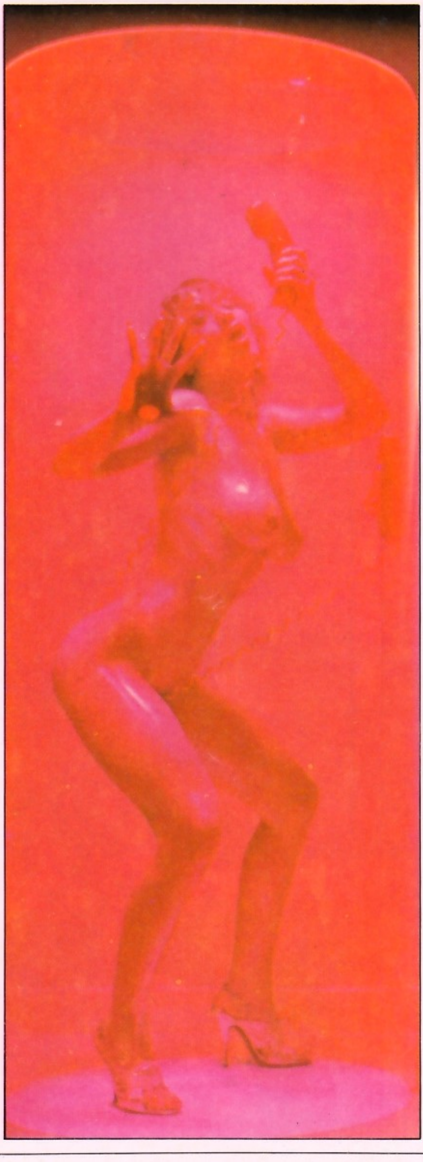
If a customer comes to Show World looking to get laid, or for a blow job, he's going to be sorely disappointed. The Centre is an *entertainment* complex, staffed by professional entertainers, who follow a strict company policy about involvement with its clientele. "We don't promote prostitution or any kind of dating," we were informed. "And we have a policy of no tipping allowed. Show World is trying to set a pace for the industry, and we abide by whatever guidelines the law wants to set up. As far as the live shows, and the peep-alives go – no, there's no touching, no insertions. It's strictly dancing, or spreads, or walking to the windows, trying to turn a customer on."

Lee, a professional singer, and the manager of the downstairs peep-alive show, agrees with her boss for aesthetic reasons. "Our show is mostly known as a class show. You see, we believe it's not what you do, but how you do it; and it's not how much you have, but how you use it. This is the *hottest* show in town – yet we never touch our bodies at any time, and we never do insertions of any kind. We feel this isn't necessary."

The newer peep-alive, located in the mezzanine floor opposite from the One-on-One booths, has 20 booths. Lee's Original Mini-Burlesque is downstairs, just to the left of the theatre; it has 15 booths, arranged in a semi-circle. In both shows, the cost is 25¢ for two minutes of peeping. The naked dancers change every 10 minutes.

The most popular attraction at Show World is the 240 pieces of erotic film. The peep-alives, for the comparatively limited area they occupy, come in a respectable second. There is no question as to who is the most popular entertainer ever to appear on stage at the Centre. Although such erotic giants as Blaze Starr, Tempest Storm, and Jody Maxwell have packed the house, the biggest draw, and the the biggest following, belongs to Monica Kennedy. John Wilson explained why:

"Although she's cleaned up her act a lot now, Monica probably had one of the kinkiest acts I ever saw. She would ask for volunteers from the audience, bring them on stage, fool around with them, tease them. Now and then she got carried away, and she'd perform right on stage – whatever it might be – a blow job, whatever. That's when she took her arrests. And the police were right in the audience to bag her whenever she did. But she definitely had a standing-room-only crowd at all times. Everybody wanted to be in the audience. And she had a lot of volunteers!"



The average age of most Show World customers is between 30 and 40 years old, and about half are married men. The 9-to-5 shift caters to a fairly middle-to-upper income crowd, professional types, while the 5-to-1 shift, after work, services the party crowd, customers from every walk of life. From 1-to-9, Show World gets whatever's left on the streets. As someone ironically observed: "Maybe the people coming in off the streets make the streets safer."

Traffic in and out of the complex is extremely heavy. The Centre accommodates between 2000 and 2500 different people a day, which translates into 17,500 customers each week, or nearly *two million* visitors in the two years that Show World has been open. Now that's a lot of orgasms to have given to the world!

Yet, among all those men, only a handful of venturesome women can be found, and they most frequently come to Show World with their dates. According to the operator of the bookstore, women customers seem to get the biggest kick from examining the sexual novelties on sale. Invariably, they'll purchase some item they intend to use later in the evening.

"Oh, yes, there are definitely more women in the audience now than there used to be," recalls Deborah Dangerfield, a tall, stunningly attractive black woman who moves with the supple grace of a professional dancer. A former elementary school teacher, with a degree in Speech and Drama, Deborah appears both in the Centre's hard-core videotaped show, and on the stage of Show World's theatre, where she dances nude. "Oh, yes. A lot of couples, a lot of women. And they like it, they really like it. They really like the whole fantasy trip. They probably go home and say, 'Why don't you put jelly on my pussy'. Or, 'Let's take champagne baths', or, 'Let me try peanut butter on your cock'. They really like it."

In addition to the cleanliness, customers return again and again to Show World because of its professional, business-like attitude. In a world of cons and rip-offs, especially where erotica is concerned, the Centre stresses fairness and courtesy to its clientele.

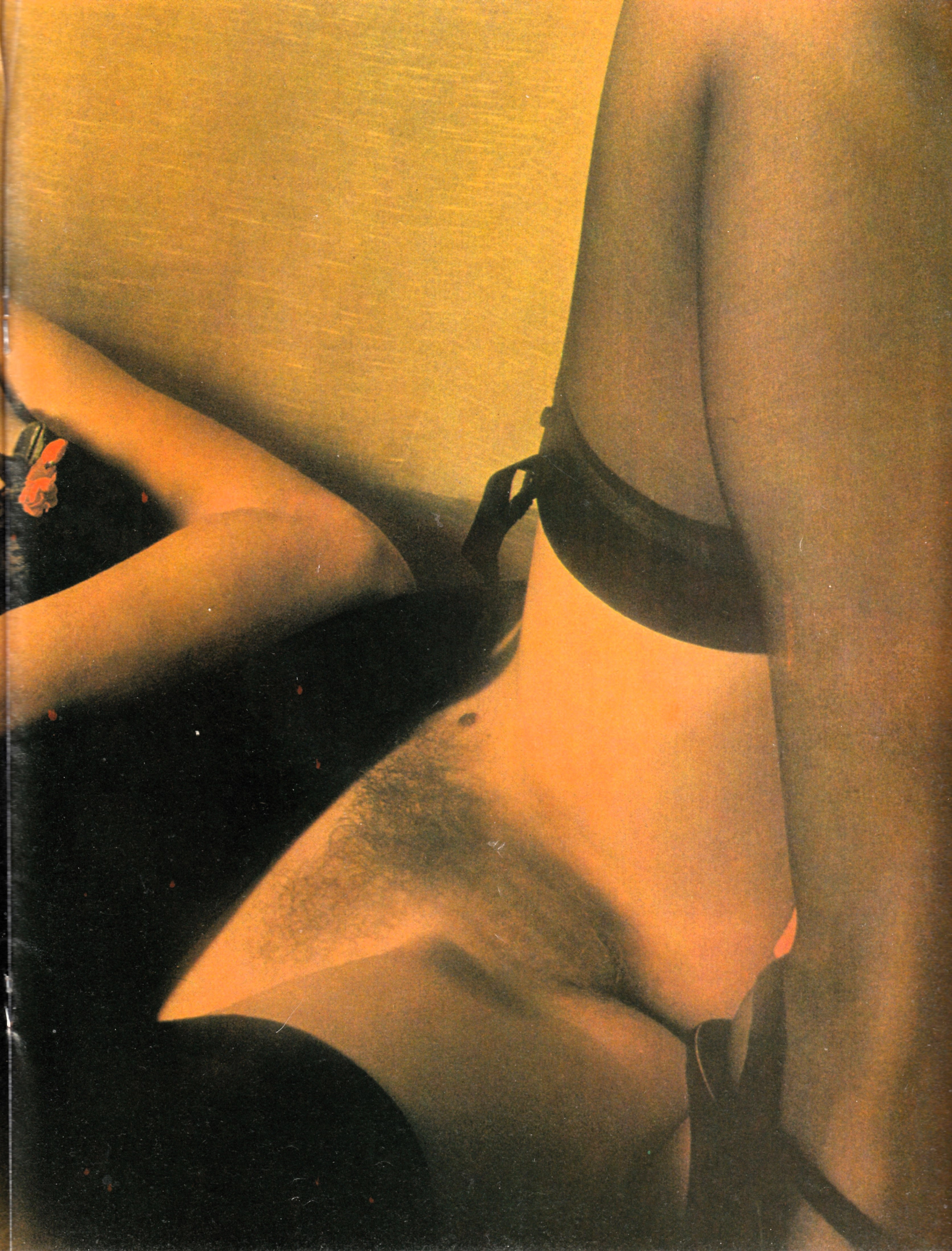
"If they lose money in the booths," we were told, "they're reimbursed. If they don't like the show, we try and give them a pass to come back another time. We try to please the customer in every way possible."

Safety and security are other factors contributing to Show World's im-

continued on page 63

Farrah

Photographs by Fanny



THE ORGY

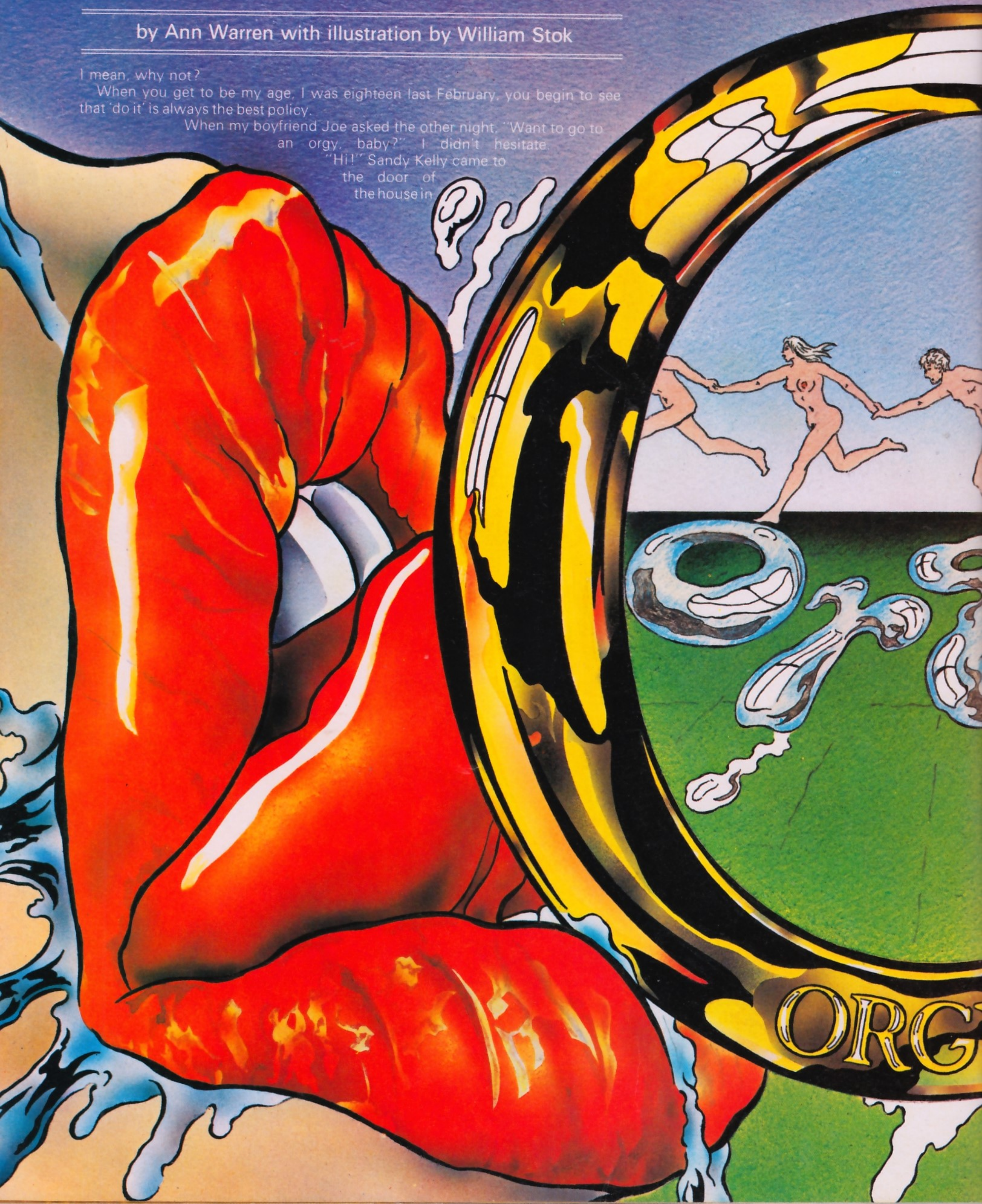
by Ann Warren with illustration by William Stok

I mean, why not?

When you get to be my age, I was eighteen last February, you begin to see that 'do it' is always the best policy.

When my boyfriend Joe asked the other night, "Want to go to an orgy, baby?" I didn't hesitate.

"Hi!" Sandy Kelly came to the door of the house in



Y
WILLIAM STOK

her birthday suit and smiled her million pound smile. We followed the soft rounds of her buttocks as she led us to a room marked 'Undressing Room'.

I had 'dressed' by leaving my panties behind. In a mirror my reflection gave me the once-over. A tight little bum, spanking new, tits pert as a flapper.

"Who loves you?" asked Joe, pinching my bum.

Entering the scene of the orgy, my hands perspired.

"They're here," shrilled Sandy. "Joe Drummer, he's just got out of the Army – and his date, April Scott, 18 years old – how do you like that?"

"I don't," sulked a boozy blonde tanked up on Scotch.

"Ha, ha," laughed Sandy diplomatically. "Meet Bunny."

Everyone was *comme il faut – au naturel*. There were three couples. Our hosts – Sandy Kelly, housewife and backgammon champion, and her husband Bob, a rising young executive. Next, Bunny and Blue Parker. Bunny was a one-time go-go girl, now a beautician. Blue, a black voodoo enthusiast, managed a string of night clubs. Last, Coco and Art Chandler. Coco was a stalky fashion model, Art a film-maker with a family-sized ego.

Coco was circulating with the mini meatballs.

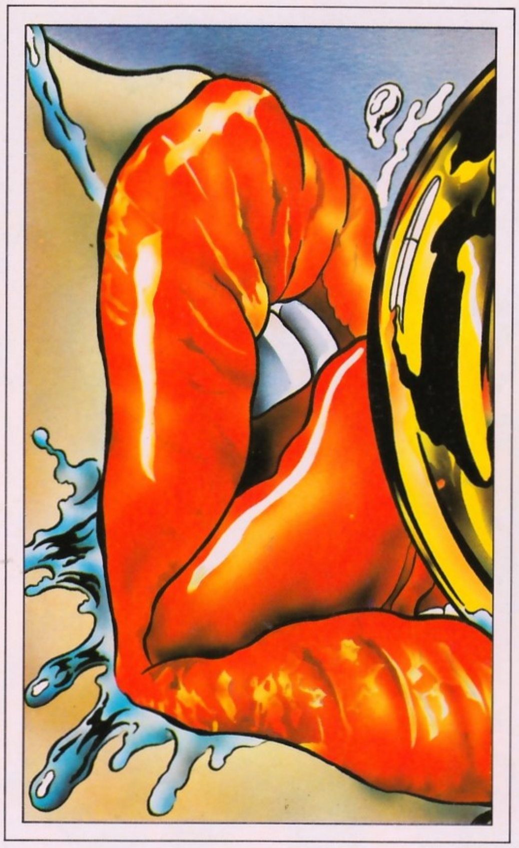
"My ulcers disappeared when I started doing orgies," Art said, shunning the cheese dip.

Bob threw an arm around Art's shoulder. "Art is a talented film-maker. He's doing a filmatic exploration of British sexuality and will film some of tonight's proceedings. So remember – Big Brother is watching you fuck."

We were playing eye games. Joe was sizing up Coco's gaunt curves and button boobs. Sandy's gaze was riveted to Blue's black hosepipe. Art and I were locked in a staring match, with the score tied. Bunny kept running violet fingernails through her fluffy hair and ogling Bob. Blue looked at every female as if he was drinking her through a straw.

Sandy flashed adoring eyes at her husband. "Since Bob and I have been into a swinging scene our marriage has improved one thousand per cent. Right, honey?"

"Baby, these folks are rarin' to go."



Bunny sidled up to Bob. She ran her hand over his bristly chest, massaging his nipples lingeringly with teasing expertise. She rained a flurry of kisses over his ear lobes, then gnawed him with love bites, leaving a trail of teeth marks. Bob was reacting, and how. Bunny's overblown tit filled his mouth, and he was sucking away like a puppy. Bunny fell back on the carpet and threw open her ripe, white thighs. Bob started eating her like a starving man, his tongue penetrated her cushioned cavern and he mouthed her delicately and brutally in turns. Soon Bunny started to come with violent spasms, heaving like a mare foaling.

"What's Miss Teenage America doing all by her lonesome?"

Close up Art was a dreamboat. His bronze body was jewelled. He could have been an extra in *Valley of the Gladiators*.

"Looks like no-one has asked me to tango."

"I've been dying to screw you ever since you walked in."

It could have been a blue movie. In one second we were on the floor. Art massaged me till every muscle was unkinked. I took his organ between my palms and kneaded it as if I was making bread. Art had an ugly grimace on his face which I knew meant he was thrilling in every pore. Then I nuzzled my face against his pubic area and sniffed his genitalia. The hair against my mouth was as rough as the bristles of a scrubbing brush. His huge, heavy balls nestled in my hands as I inserted his ramrod cock in my mouth. I took him slowly, savouring inch after mean inch, feeling the silken steel of his pecker against my tongue and gums.

Art's pelvis was replying in kind and he thrust the core of himself back and forth and gyrated his slim hips. I heard the primeval vocalisation of his ecstasy. He came in a great burst of orgasmic affirmation.

Art wasn't spent for long. Before I knew it he was groping all over me, kissing my crotch, underarms and belly. His prick was more than ready for another round. Before he put his prick in he produced two amyl nitrate poppers. "Break it right before you come."

His thrusts made my cunt feel like mincemeat sprinkled with nirvana. Together we rushed to orgasm like the two top places in the Indiana 500. Synchronising it exactly we broke the poppers under our noses.

"Crazy," shrieked Art, in ecstasy. In the anticlimax he sighed, "I gotta get that feeling on film."

In the dining room Bob was attacking a paper plate piled high. "When did you start fucking, April?"

"When I was 16. I was baby-sitting for my parents' bridge partners. Guy was running me home and on the way he pulled off the road and just took out his pecker."

"Good thing you're getting into a group scene so young. It's the only hope for modern marriage. Take Sandy and me."

"How long have you been married, if you don't mind me asking?"

"Saturday will be our 15th anniversary. . . Once our marriage was on the rocks. We hadn't done it in six months. Then the neighbours asked us to a sex-swap barbecue. After we had grilled the steaks we did a switch. Then I came into the bedroom – Sandy was nude except for her wedding ring. We fucked there on the bed, then raced back home and fucked our brains out."

As he talked Bob got a hard-on. His cock stood at attention waving like a flag in the breeze.

Clutched to his groin was a bowl

continued on page 76

REVERSE CALL

by Martin Brookway
photographs by Fanny

About midnight the phone rings. The woman rolls sleepily out of bed. In a turmoil caused by the incessant ringing she struggles into her dressing gown.

Her mind still befuddled and drowsy, she finally finds her slippers, switches on the hall light and picks up the receiver.

The rasping, urgent voice she doesn't recognise begins to discuss the most intimate details of their respective bodies, particularly of her body. It tells her haltingly, between gasps and grunts, the details of what would happen if they were together. What he would do, how he would do it, with what he would do it.

In these cases the woman is quite often almost frightened to death; she is petrified to the point where she can't even put down the receiver. She clutches it in her trembling hand, her face draining of colour as she tries to close her ears, and indeed her mind, to the abuse from the other end of the line. Finally she gathers herself together, slams down the phone and stands, shaking with fright, knowing that she will not sleep at all.

However, ponder what would be the case if the positions were reversed.

How would a male subject react if, upon picking up his phone, he was treated to the following . . . "Hello, is that Mr. Kelly? No, you don't know me, but I sure know you. I've seen you and watched you many times. My friends all agree that you're a strong, good-looking man. They also tell me you've got a prick like a stallion and a pair of hairy balls like coconuts. Why don't you answer? You *have* got a stiff, hard cock haven't you? Tell me they're right, describe it to me. What's that? No, I can't tell you the names of my friends, but they all tell me you've fucked them to distraction. Six times without uncoupling once, one of them said.

"Am I getting through to you? Your very presence on the line is already getting through to me. I just wish you were getting through to me with that hot, throbbing prick of yours. I can just imagine it!

"Listen, I'm lying on the sofa as I talk to you, my boobs are out of my dress and I've got my vibrator between my legs. I've kept my pink panties on as I imagine you wouldn't have time to take them off before fucking me. You'd be too hot and eager.

"Have you got a stand on yet? Bet you have. Unzip your fly and take out that flaming red cock with its pulsing wet head. It should be wet and ready now, darling, I'm certainly wet and more than ready. I can feel the juice flowing over my thighs.

"You don't answer. Have you started moving your hand up and down that gorgeous shaft yet? Do that while I tell you about myself.

"Oh, just a minute, there's someone at the door. I'll ring you back."

At this stage he could be expected to continue listening. He would realise that from the moment he had picked up the phone he had not uttered a single word. His caller had given him no chance to speak or protest. Would he really have protested? It had not been a conversation, just a one-way discourse. What would he have said in any event? Told her to stop? Become annoyed, disgusted, and put down the phone after saying she was a pervert or a nymphomaniac? Or have been so fascinated, even turned on by those husky, sex-loaded phrases, that he could be compared with the rabbit confronted by the snake?

His eyes would continually wander back to the phone. Would it ring again, or would the 'someone at the door' prevent her calling? Who could it be? Husband? Boyfriend? One of the family? If it was husband or boyfriend calling on her and finding her in the state she had been when putting down the phone, wouldn't they be laying her now – have her in bed right at this very moment? The urgency in her voice while talking to him had been so apparent, so erotic . . .

He grabbed at the phone before the first ring had finished.

"Hello again, darling. So sorry we were interrupted."

No explanation of her caller. Before he is able to ask, she continues.

"I was going to tell you about myself. I'm a brunette, my hair is long and silky. My friends, even the girls, tell me that I'm attractive. One of the girls tells me I'm beautiful, but I think she may be 'bi' as she says that I have wonderful big breasts, long slim legs, ample thighs and hips, and kissable lips. Do you think she may be 'bi', darling?

"No, don't bother about her! Listen, darling, I'm going to rub my breasts against the phone. There, can you hear them? The nipples are standing up hard, just like I hope your prick is doing right now; nowhere so big of course, but really hard. I'm using the 'vi' again and my cunt is getting wetter and wetter as I move it in and out. Aaaah . . . that's really lovely.

"I'm taking off my panties now, darling. They're silky soft and pink. There, they're right off now and I'm spreading my legs wide, really wide.

"Jesus, I'm getting really randy now, darling. The hair between my legs is soaking wet. I have a lot of hair there, I shave it every so often. It's nice to have a different looking fanny once in a while, then it grows and is thicker than ever.

"Are you still listening? . . . No . . . No . . . don't hang up, darling, if you do I'll only ring again. I'll ring all night, playing with myself as I do so. You'll get no sleep . . . Will it wake up your wife and kiddies? Just listen, as I slip into bed.

"Darling, the 'vi' is now put aside, I'm picking up my dildo, stroking it lovingly, playing with the enormous 'squeezable' balls, and with my eyes closed, imagining they're yours. It's going slowly into my fanny now . . . Wish I had the time to hold it under the hot water tap first, but I don't want to put down the phone. It's right up now, darling . . . right up . . . my hand is holding it over my mound as I arch myself up to it. It feels so good but I wish it was that massive boiling cock of yours.

"If it were . . . what a thought . . . you'd be kissing, cupping and playing with my breasts as you fuck me. I can feel you sucking my nipples into your mouth while slotting your length into me. You're stroking me, playing around with me . . . Oh my God, it's delirious, it's heavenly. No, No . . . don't stop fucking, please keep fucking. That's right, you're fucking me good now, the dildo is going in and out faster, flashing in and out of my soaking pussy . . . can you hear it? . . . I'll hold the phone close . . . you must hear the sounds it's making. It's all slick and wonderful now. Mmmmm . . . I'm ready to come. Stroke your cock faster, then you can come with me. I'll do the count down, fuck me hard now, you big strong bastard! Squeeze my tits till I cry out . . . Nine . . . eight . . . Oh my God . . . seven . . . six . . . Please hold on . . . five . . . four . . . one fucking great thrust . . . three . . . another . . . two . . . another . . . one . . . fuck . . . come . . . come . . . come . . . *screw me . . .*"

A vicious click like a guillotine coming down announced that the phone was dead.

He would replace the receiver with shaking hands. The pressure of the stalk between his legs would become unbearable. He would wait and think, now who in hell could that be? Cindy? No, that can't be her voice. Vera? No, she's the solid type. She'd lay back while you were banging her and eat fish and chips out of the newspaper.

Gathering his thoughts he dials the operator. She cannot help him as he cannot give the number he wants, or the reason for the call. He feels stupid and hangs up.

The next night, going the rounds of pubs and discos, he somehow felt that he might see her.

See her? How would he recognise

continued on page 64

"OUTRAGEOUS!"

"Should have MARY WHITEHOUSE rushing to the barricades to protect the purity of the nation" DAILY EXPRESS

"THE SHOW IS VERY RUDE... but also very funny" DAILY EXPRESS

"I strongly recommend
WOMEN BEHIND BARS" DAILY MAIL

"DIVINE & SWEET WILLIAM. They upstage everything in sight" FINANCIAL TIMES

"OUTRAGEOUS NEW YORK COMEDY" EVENING STANDARD

"DIVINE gives the show its relentless fascination" EVENING STANDARD

"A WILD, WITTY and UTTERLY TASTELESS SHOW" EVENING STANDARD

"YOU CAN'T HELP LAUGHING" SUNDAY PEOPLE

"seductive English sex-pot" DAILY EXPRESS

"FIONA RICHMOND'S Incredible acting talent" EVENING STANDARD

"Raucous splendour in high camp" DAILY TELEGRAPH

"WOMEN BEHIND BARS is also a cult and very successful too" FINANCIAL TIMES

"DIVINE - A performance of outrageous splendour" DAILY TELEGRAPH

Women Behind Bars

WOMEN BEHIND BARS

THE THEATRICAL EVENT OF THE YEAR!

WHITEHALL THEATRE

Evenings 8.15 Fri and Sat 7.00 and 9.00 **BOOK NOW** Tel: 01·930 6692

Monroe

EXCLUSIVE Part Two...

continued from page 57

above that time are the words 'prior to'. It seems that the two doctors had been talking for about 50 minutes.

Writer Maurice Zolotow did manage to obtain a rare interview with Dr. Engelberg. When questioned about why there was such a long delay in calling the police, Dr. Engelberg responded:

'The reason there was a delay in calling the police is that normally you don't call the police. You call the mortuary to remove the body. Dr. Greenson and I discussed this back and forth. I strongly insisted that because of who she was and [because] it might be a suicide we should call the police'.

When Zolotow also succeeded in talking with Dr. Greenson, and questioned him about the possibility of resuscitating Marilyn, Dr. Greenson said:

'Neither Dr. Engelberg nor I made any attempts to resuscitate her as it was evident from the discolouration of her skin that she had been dead for many hours'.

The above excerpts are from a story published in the New York *Sunday News*, dated 16th September, 1973.

Let's backtrack to the death scene prior to the calling of the police: Pat Newcomb says that at 4.00 a.m. she received a call from Rudin, Marilyn's lawyer, who told her that Marilyn was dead. How did Rubin know? Shortly after Marilyn's death, the records of her toll tickets and long distance calls disappeared – for in Los Angeles, if you call from one area to another, there is a toll charge and a record of the number called. Whose numbers were on those missing toll tickets and phone records?

The autopsy on Marilyn was conducted by the then Deputy Medical Examiner, Thomas Noguchi, who is now Coroner of Los Angeles County. His report shows that there was no trace of Nembutals (sleeping capsules) in Marilyn's stomach. But there were 4.5 mg. of barbiturates in the actress's blood. According to other independent medical pathologists, this is enough to kill a horse. The whole idea that Marilyn had taken 47 Nembutals came to light at the death scene when Dr. Engelberg stated to the police that the Nembutal bottle was empty and that it had contained 47 capsules the day before.

Now, in the morgue, Dr. Thomas Noguchi examined the body and performed the autopsy – and although he admitted to not having examined the small intestine, it had been sampled with the other organs of her body. This organ is the tell-tale place where partially undissolved or completely undissolved capsules would have lodged – but although the deputy medical examiner failed to examine this one organ, and fell victim to much questioning through the years about it, the only answer he could come up with is that he did not have the facilities at the time to do so. Why didn't he try UCLA or the University of Southern California? They had facilities. So did Dr. Sidney Weinberg, the renowned forensic pathologist and chief coroner of New York's Suffolk County, who along with Dr. Forrest Chapman of Belleville, Michigan, disputed and criticised the job done by Dr. Noguchi.

Dr. Chapman wrote the following to me after examining a copy of the autopsy report on Marilyn which I had sent to him:

'The autopsy findings in the case of Marilyn Monroe furnish high suspicion, if not proof, of conspiracy to murder and murder itself. The total absence in the enteron [digestive tract] of any barbiturate, even microscopic crystals of same, indicates a parenteral [non-oral] route of administration, and in the absence of a needle and syringe on the premises – so that self-inoculation can be ruled out – the above conclusions are partially or fully warranted'.

Dr. Sidney Weinberg told me that he would have handled Marilyn's case much differently. At the death scene the medical examiner would have noted the temperature of the body and its position, and the lividity (settling of blood) would be noted to see if it correctly corresponded with the position in which the body was found. If the body were on a bed and the linen or pillow cases appeared to be fresh, one would immediately have suspected that the scene had been altered. All of the rooms in the house, the bathrooms and floors, would have been searched for vomitus. The dirty linen would have been inspected. The wastepaper basket, rubbish, all scraps of paper would have been inspected as would any water glasses for residues. Most people have difficulty in taking pills without water or other fluid. If the capsules had been taken, which they obviously were not, they would have left a trace of yellow dye from the gel of the capsules in the throat and stomach. Dr. Weinberg believes that in the absence of any barbiturate capsules and/or signs of some in the stomach and other organs, the only way Marilyn could have had such a high amount of barbiturates in her blood was to have had it administered either by suppository or by hypodermic needle. He also states that in his experience of over twenty years as a forensic pathologist, he has found it extremely rare for a female to commit suicide in the nude due to modesty. He also concludes, in his rather long report, that in the cases of an oral overdose of drugs, there is vomiting and the body ends up in a contorted position. In other words, he does not believe a proper investigation was made.

According to the existing autopsy, there were no needle marks evident. This is not true, for by the admission of her own doctors, on accounts they submitted to a probate court after her death, Marilyn had had recent injections that should have showed.

Usually, when a person is found dead under mysterious circumstances, and certainly Marilyn Monroe was, latent fingerprints are taken by the police. None were even attempted. The whole place was sterile. There wasn't even a drinking glass in Marilyn's bedroom. Yet,

continued on page 84

FANTASEX... FANTASEX...

continued from page 45

pressive success. "In the two years that we've been open," John Wilson revealed, "we've had no real incident like a stabbing, or a shooting, or a theft, or anything of that nature. We keep the place lit up at night to try to keep the undesirables away from Show World. We have an excellent record."

All of Show World comes under one operation, except for the live show, which is leased out. Currently appearing in the theatre is Captain Kink's Live Sex Acts, and it is without a doubt one of the most unique and exclusive acts in the United States today. A repertory company of erotic actors and actresses perform complete, scripted, choreographed sex shows. The shows, which include some of the hottest and horniest hardcore sex acts imaginable, are then videotaped, and are shown in vivid, living colour on screen in the Centre's theatre. Videotape provides an intimacy and a sense of realism that is vastly superior to film; unquestionably, it is the next best thing to actually being there.

In keeping with this sense of realism, when the video portion of the show is completed, the live show begins. The same actresses, who moments earlier had appeared on screen performing various hard-core acts, appear on stage, dancing nude. The effect is electrifying. Fantasy and reality are suddenly welded together in a single, living presence.

"We play characters, character rôles," explained Wendy Williams, one of the stars of Captain Kink's Live Sex Show. In one of the video sequences, Wendy had appeared with two other women in a lesbian scene about female bikers. "We're not necessarily portraying ourselves, we're creating a scene. We add as many dimensions to it as possible, as many special effects as possible. Everything to make it hotter, hornier. It's not just people naked and fucking. It's a whole scene."

The next question to Wendy was not only obvious, it was logical: *Have you ever had an orgasm while performing?*

She said: "I think while we're performing we all have orgasms. A woman can have many different kinds of orgasm. She can get creamy, she can get wet, she can be just shuddering with ecstasy. With performing, I think you're adding new dimensions to your orgasms. Everything is so much more satisfying. It's always intense. I'm out to turn on as many people as I can."

Despite the obvious support that the New York City community has extended, by its steady patronage, to Show World, the Centre remains unjustly touched by controversy. Politicians, always looking for cheap, easy votes, and for a way to skirt the serious issues and problems of an urban crisis, find in Show World a perfect scapegoat for their mindless morality.

Deborah Dangerfield, one of Show World's video stars, is not so easily deceived. Deborah considers her work makes a valid, and perhaps even therapeutic, contribution to society. "I love to dance. I love to entertain. This is one way I help society. I help men feel whatever they're thinking is not wrong sexually. When they see me perform, I feel I help them in some way – by not letting them go out and perhaps use force or hurt somebody in fulfilling their desires. This place acts as a safety valve. Without burlesque dancers, or the kind of acts that Rod Swenson (Captain Kink) puts out, a lot of men would be more fucked up than they are."

General Manager Wilson could not agree more emphatically. To John Wilson, Show World represents a brand new and positive force within the porno industry, making a major contribution by the mere fact of its existence.

"Prior to Show World being open," he told us, "you couldn't walk down Eighth Avenue once it got dark. Now, with our marquee outside, and with the constant traffic that we do, we feel we've made this community safer than it was. We lit this side of the street up. I think we've made a hell of a contribution to the community. I think we've upgraded the community if we've done anything to it."

The ultimate triumph of Show World, however, is not to be found in its many sociological functions, nor in its contribution toward helping to define the real limits of human sexuality. The Centre is a logical and even predictable consequence of forces and energies that were put into motion nearly a decade ago. No, its contribution is something much simpler and infinitely more significant.

Show World Centre – the first of many to spring up all across the face of America – is a triumph of, and a monument to, *middle-class sensuality*.

It is erotica without the sleeziness; erotica for middle-class, quiet Americans; erotica for men and women who have just begun to discover sex and its limitless possibilities.

The Sexual Revolution of the 60s caught most middle-class Americans with their pants up. It has taken more than ten years for its effects to filter down to the great masses. People have finally got the message: *sex is fun!*

And sex has freed us all, finally to the point where *any* adult can walk into Show World, or a place like it, without feeling guilt and without feeling like an antisocial freak. Sex is no longer dirty. It has finally been accepted.♣

REVERSE CALL

continued from page 60

her? What did he really know about her?

Well, she had dark hair, a big help to be sure. A husky voice like him. Yes, that was it; he'd recognise the voice. But wouldn't it sound different in reality than over the phone? Why had she phoned him, how had she got his number, how did she know he had a big prick?

After too many drinks in too many bars, all the time pointlessly straining his ears for the slightest sound of her voice, back home to bed.

He cannot sleep; tosses and turns in his bed not able to remove her from his thoughts yet not knowing what to do. He can still hear that voice, leading him on, goading him, telling him what to do. Explaining in detail what she was doing, driving him mad with desire.

The phone rings. He grabs at it. The voice comes to him again and his heart misses a beat.

"Did I wake you, darling? Were you thinking about me? I've been thinking about you. I'm in bed completely naked, just had my nightly work-out with the 'vi', but I stopped just short of coming. Why? I'll tell you. I wanted you to screw me, love, you'd do it so much better than the 'vi' can. I feel so in need of a good hard prick right now, your big strong shaft, that's what I really want!"

"Where are you? You must tell me where you are! I'll come to you." He almost shouts into the phone, realising that they're the first real words he's spoken. But the voice drones on completely oblivious to his interruptions.

"Your prick must be hard by now, darling. Throw back the bedclothes and let me imagine that hot rod you have for me. It's all in the mind, darling."

"I don't want to fuck your mind. I want to fuck you!" he shouts. Raising his voice even higher. The words pour into the phone. He begs for her name, address, her phone number, any way he can reach her. His pleading becomes almost incoherent. He waits for her reply, but the phone is dead.

No calls for three days. Could his blustering questions have annoyed her? Was his insistence on seeing her, finding out all about her giving rise to some possible embarrassment on her behalf? But she had said over and over again that she wanted him, wanted him as desperately as he wanted her. Then the dark thought came to mind. Was she calling others in the same manner? Telling others the same things she had told him? He shudders as the prospect is considered, and comes to realise that he is obsessed by his 'phone lover' as he has lately come to think of her.

Trying to take his mind from the subject he returns to art class.

"You look worried, Mr. Kelly. Is anything wrong?" The model who sits for him sounds concerned. He tells her everything is okay, just that he's been overdoing things lately. Her look tells him that she does not accept this, and she asks, "Is there anything at all that I can do?"

"No, thanks, I'll be okay. Let's try and take up where we left off last sitting."

His model is watching him closely, her expression is one of both puzzlement and concern, not the expression he requires, so he applies himself to the detail of her hair and body, but after a while has to return to the face.

Repeated attempts to produce the desired expression fail. She really tries to attain the aloof look he wants, but it becomes obvious to him that her concern for his mood is preventing this. He then decides to terminate the sitting.

"Thanks very much, Jackie, I think we'll break off for today."

She watches him as he collects his gear, not moving from the stool, but anxiety showing on her face as he drops brushes, forgets two tubes of colour.

Returning home his room feels cold and unwelcoming. He lights the gas fire, turns on the radio, but a feeling of deep depression settles over him and he doesn't really hear anything.

A bath? Yes, a bath might relax him. He begins to prepare, taking shaving kit, towels, aftershave . . . and then, not at first realising exactly what he is doing, picks up the phone, plugging in the extension cord and carrying it with him into the bathroom.

In the bath, he tries to concentrate on shaving. He cuts himself as his mind drifts back to the inevitable subject.

He stares at the phone willing it to ring. It rings! It rings again!

Hopes soar as he lifts the receiver, only to fall as the operator informs him that a reverse charge call has been placed in his name. Thinking of his brother in Wales, or of his pal Jim in the Army at Catterick, he accepts.

"Darling, I'm sorry I had to reverse the charges, but I've been visiting my mother and this is the first chance I've had to speak to you. I'm on my own for a while, mother's gone shopping. Oh, how I miss talking to you, these last few days have been hell! I feel like a frustrated old spinster.

"No. Don't say anything, please, I don't have much time and I do so want to tell you what I'm doing.

"I'm lying on the bed naked, there's a large mirror on the dressing table and I've set it so that all of me is reflected in it. I'm lifting my knees and raising my bottom so that I can see my twat in the mirror. Ask me what shape it is, is it the same as those of other girls you've fucked? Is it smaller or bigger? As I pull the lips apart I can see the pink flesh that's normally hidden there. I can see everything now, the long hair goes right underneath and as I spread my legs the area of hair seems to widen. Do you know, darling, I hadn't realised before that it went back so far. Maybe I should shave there, too."

He speaks quickly but softly.

"I'm sorry I shouted before, but please tell me who you are!"

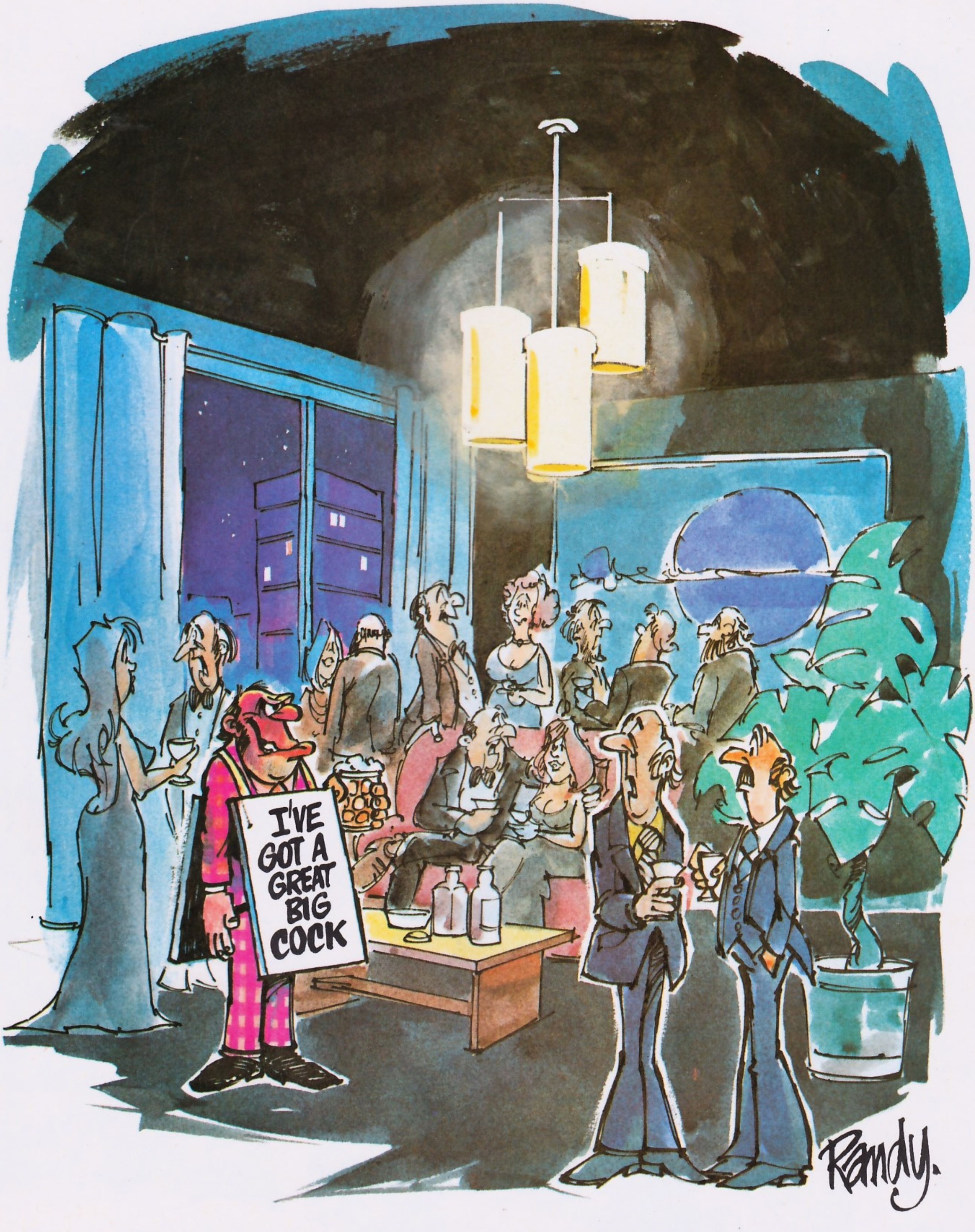
"Now, now, darling, all in good time, but I've just put a towel under my bottom and we're going to have fun. Listen.

"I've got a new dildo, a long black one (they say black is beautiful) but I've never had a black man. Is the spunk black too, do you think?

"Never mind, I'm pretending it's your prick anyway. This is one of those you can fill and I've filled it with warm water. When I'm ready I shall squeeze the balls just as if they were yours and it will feel like you shooting your juice into me.

"Take hold of your prick, darling, I'm working the dildo now . . . Ah, that's so

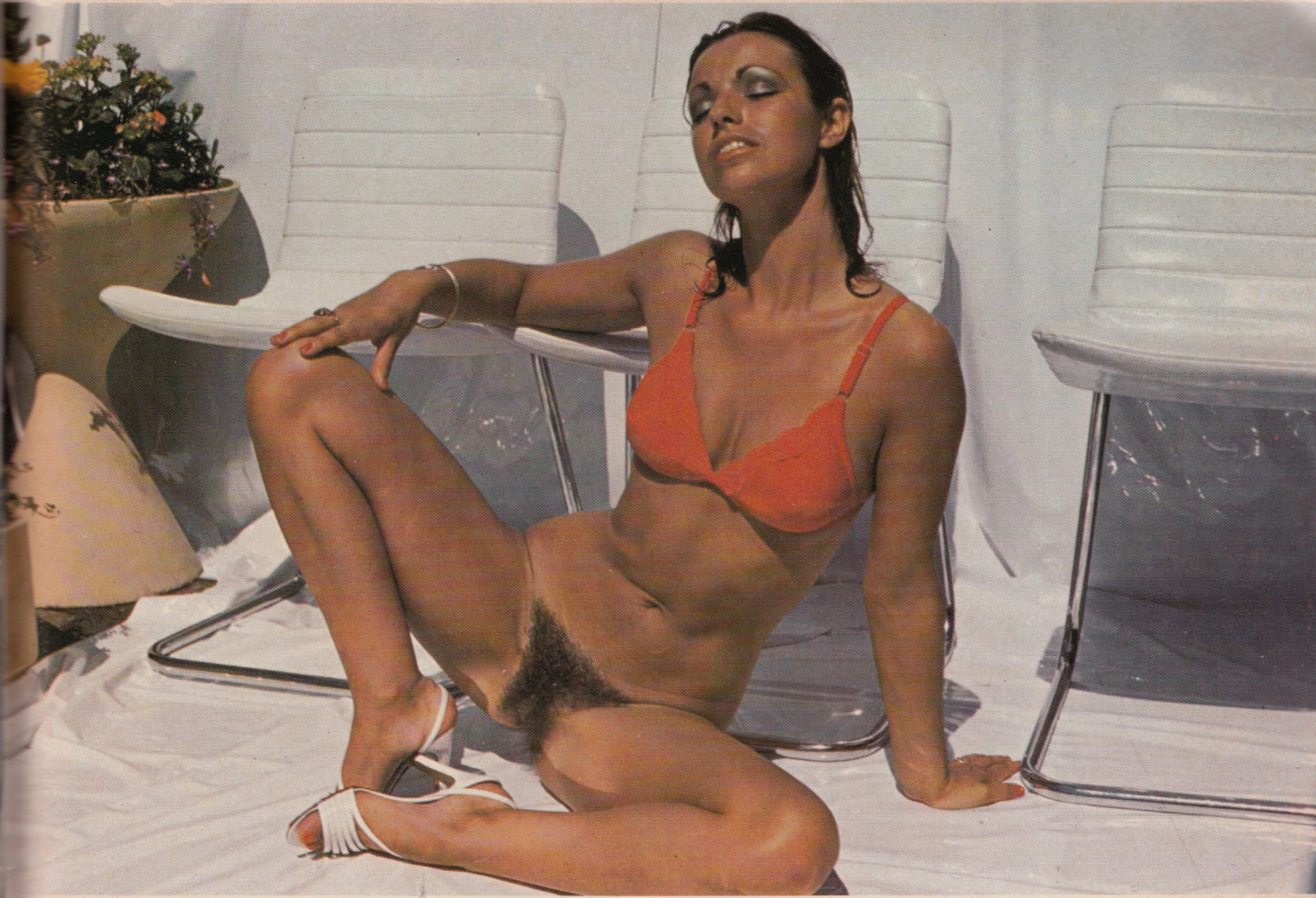
continued on page 86


I'VE GOT A GREAT BIG COCK
Randy.

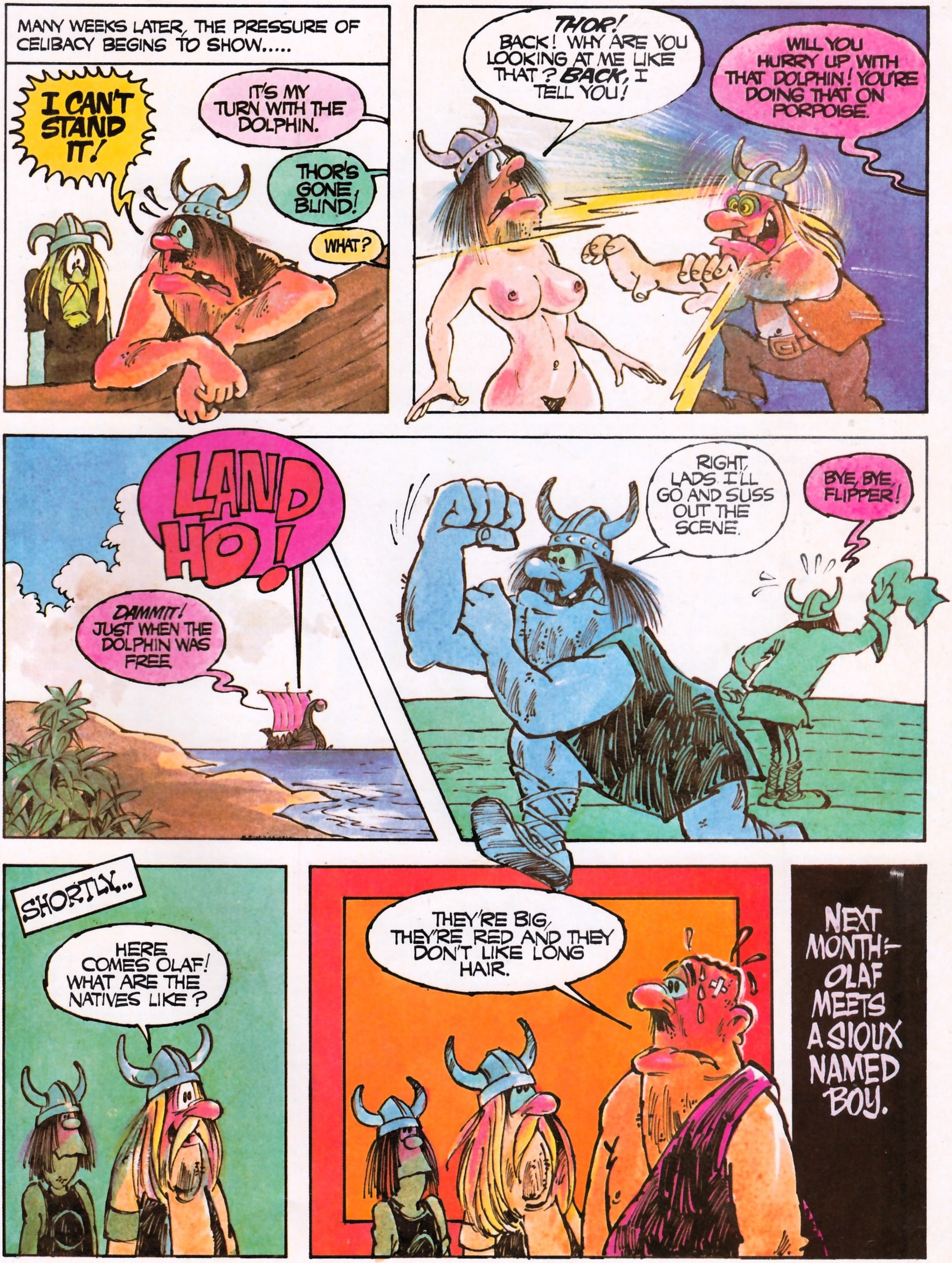
"Harry's never been one for idle chit-chat!"

Tatum

Photographs by
Tiny Montgomery



MISSING


MANY WEEKS LATER, THE PRESSURE OF CELIBACY BEGINS TO SHOW.....
I CAN'T STAND IT!
IT'S MY TURN WITH THE DOLPHIN.
THOR'S GONE BLIND!
WHAT?
THOR! BACK! WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT? BACK, I TELL YOU!
WILL YOU HURRY UP WITH THAT DOLPHIN! YOU'RE DOING THAT ON PORPOISE.
LAND HO!
DAMMIT! JUST WHEN THE DOLPHIN WAS FREE.
RIGHT, LADS I'LL GO AND SUSS OUT THE SCENE.
BYE, BYE, FLIPPER!
SHORTLY...
HERE COMES OLAF! WHAT ARE THE NATIVES LIKE?
THEY'RE BIG, THEY'RE RED AND THEY DON'T LIKE LONG HAIR.
NEXT MONTH:- OLAF MEETS A SIOUX NAMED BOY.

THE ORGY

continued from page 56

of potato salad. As though reading his mind I slid to the floor. Bob's powerful bulk covered me, heavy as a truck. Then with lightning speed he rose, seized the bowl of potato salad, opened my legs with a single urgent motion, and spooned a glob of salad onto my palpitating pussy. He slurped the chunks of potato from my labia and clitoris. When all the salad had gone Brad really licked me clean. He tongued every fold, mouthing me like a man possessed. Only a little mayonnaise mingled with my love juice as I orgasmed in sweeping spasms, Bob's face buried in my aching centre.

The bedroom with wall and ceiling mirrors sparkled like a Woolworth's diamond. In the centre was a white king-sized bed.

Blue sat on the edge of the bed, his cock standing up like a black cigar. He was watching Sandy and Bunny. Bunny was spread-eagled, her soap-white body wide flung, limbs limp with surrender. Beige hair fluffed over her face.

The bodies reshuffled. Sandy and Blue were together on the bed. Blue sucked the sweet syrup of her pussy. Kneeling between his legs on the floor, Bunny had his whole prick in her mouth, almost swallowing it. When Blue came he fell back as though he'd been smacked.

Again they rescrambled – Sandy and Bunny together again, Blue gobbling up their action with his slightly crazy eyes.

Art and I strolled by the pool where azure water was slapping against the concrete. Two sand-coloured bodies were slipping and gliding. Coco's legs were wrapped around Joe like strands of braids. Joe's cock was crammed up Coco's cunt to the hilt. Her narrow orifice, stretched to accommodate him, arched with erotic pain. Her body, bowed achingly, cupped his body. At the jolt of orgasm they somersaulted, sinking to the depths.

Zonked survivors of lust, we gathered in the living room. Then – screams. Shrieks like hot ice. Lunatic noises, which punctured the bloated hour. We counted ranks.

"Where's Sandy and–"

Sandy ran into the room. Her breath came in sharp giggling gurgles, like a broken dishwasher. She careened over the pillows as if on wet stones. Now and then her foot tipped over a glass and a stream of melted ice polluted the rug. Hair frizzed over her face like coils of leftover spaghetti.

"Please, Bob–"

Bob barged in, his face the colour of a boiled lobster. "There you are! I'll get you this time!"

He lunged. Sandy blinded herself with her hands. With one shove Bob levelled her and climbed on top of her. Sandy punched him playfully across the chest and arms, pummelling.

"Please, Bob. No, Bob. Please–"

"Take that!

With one yank he spread her legs and inserted his cock. Bob rode her with all his might, as though she were a bucking bronco at a rodeo.

Then it was over. Bob pulled out of her in one motion, staggered, stumbled over to the bar and poured a large Scotch, bolting it down in one greedy swallow.

Sandy sat up slowly, winced, and rubbed a bruise gingerly. She fumbled for a cigarette, lit it, took a hefty drag, and looked about at the room's disorder with blurred vision.

"Christ!" She rubbed a bruise on her neck. "What a pigsty. I'm glad the cleaning lady comes tomorrow."

Bob, pouring another drink, spoke from across the room. "Yeah. Remember the last time when that nutty redhead puked all over the floor?"

"And her douche-bag husband tracked it all over the wallpaper."

"That was some night. I was balling that little blonde and her husband kept trying to suck my prick."

It was as if they were alone together in their bedroom in aftermath of the party.

"Wow," said Bunny suddenly, "I must get home and feed my canaries, I really must."

Our presence clicked for Sandy and Bob at the same time.

"Must you go so soon?" they enquired.

Art collected his wife, Joe and I shovelled arms into sleeves, Bunny and Blue disappeared into the dawn on a Harley Davidson, Sandy scurried into the kitchen with a stack of dishes.

Right before we left Sandy dashed out of the house and pressed her face against the car window. Her nose squashed pancake flat, making her face look like a ghoulish rubber mask. She rapped against the glass. "Promise to come back. Promise?"

It was after dawn, and the sky was beige as a diaphragm. The day promised to be a scorcher. Off the road a neon sign faint in the morning light blared, 'Go-go girls. Doing it! Open 24 hours'.

"It's not too late to catch some action," said Joe.

Then he popped the question. "How about you and me getting married?"

It freaked me out. I mean, marriage hadn't been a factor in the terms of my thinking. Me, married? Someday, sure. But now? I'd only been on the Pill for two years. The world presented itself to me as a supermarket stocked with gorgeous guys.

Then I did some arithmetic. It makes sense, counting the convolutions of income tax, to be part of a pair.

I stole a glance at Joe. I looked at his hillock biceps, *macho* torso, and the slippery smile branded on his face.

This was the question that put my life's philosophy to the test.

"Why not?" I said. ♣

Cher

Photographs by Fanny

Monroe

EXCLUSIVE Part Two...

continued from page 62

she could not take a pill without the aid of liquid. Was her glass taken away? Perhaps since there was no glass it substantiates our case that she did not take any capsules orally.

Her stomach contained 20 cc of a neutral brownish liquid, according to the autopsy. This is about a tablespoon of liquid. The report said that she did not eat that day, which is disputed. Norman Mailer in his book *Marilyn* (Grossett & Dunlap, 1973) alludes to the possibility that her stomach might have been pumped out with a stomach pump. This is not to be taken lightly. It could have happened. If milk were used, which is the agent in most cases, then all tell-tale drugs, if any, could have been taken out and the remaining contents left neutral. Still, Nembutals are known as 'yellow-jackets' for their colour and we must not forget that the colour is a yellow dye in the capsule gel which leaves a trace in the throat and the stomach and other parts of the body that would still remain if the stomach were cleansed out with a pump. There was no evidence of any such colouration.

On her posterior there were a few places where the autopsy report showed what was termed as 'bruises'. Closer medical examination revealed that these so-called bruises were actually over pressure points and it is entirely possible that Marilyn died on her back and that these spots are not bruises but lividity spots where the blood had first attempted to settle after life had left her body. This would indicate that the body had at some time been turned over.

Guy Hockett, who owned Westwood Village Mortuary, and was acting coroner's representative in picking up Marilyn's body, told me that it was possible to tell from the condition of Marilyn's body that she had been dead for several hours before he arrived there at about five in the morning. The front of her body was entirely purple; not a pretty sight, but that is how you look when you have been dead a long time and advanced rigor mortis has set in with all the blood settling at the lowest possible level.

A spokesman for the Los Angeles Coroner's office did tell me that because of this advanced state of rigor mortis, he personally knew that Marilyn's body was extremely difficult to embalm. The time of her death, according to Hockett, has been established at about 10.00 p.m. on the night of 4th August, a Saturday . . . and possibly before that time.

There was no coroner's inquest, which there should have been in the circumstances. This was avoided by allowing the Suicide Investigation Team to try and discover the cause of her death.

Dr. Norman Farberow, a psychologist and the chief spokesman for the team, said to The Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* that Marilyn had been emotionally disturbed during the last days of her life. In the 16th August, 1962 edition of this newspaper, Dr. Farberow also stated that the team found 'conflicts' in Marilyn's life and had also investigated possible fantasies of her thoughts on death and dying.

How could they do so when none of the team had ever met Marilyn?

Dr. Theodore Curphey, Coroner at that time, told the press about two weeks after Marilyn's death, that the actress had died from taking 47 Nembutals in a matter of a few seconds.

I ask this question: how many of you could swallow 47 capsules in a matter of a few seconds?

Marilyn Monroe couldn't. In fact she could not swallow that many pills over a period of an hour, for she gagged on one pill and had to use a liquid to take an aspirin. No, I do not accept the findings of the local coroner's office. Since their investigation team is not financed by city, county, state or federal funds, their report is not available for public record. Instead, it remains sealed in the coroner's office – and the names of those who were questioned by this team have not been made available.

A coroner's inquest would have been much different – but somebody did not want that. It would have been under oath. The identities of the witnesses would have been known to the public. More pertinent questions would have been asked. More information would have been sought out. And, possibly, one of those who really knew what happened, just might have cracked under a tough cross-examination. No, they couldn't afford, in my personal opinion, to take this chance. That is why the inquest was never held.

On two different occasions in recent years I have presented my case for a coroner's inquest to the Los Angeles County Grand Jury – and on these two occasions I have been turned down for very meagre reasons: there was no necessity to re-open the case and the grand jury believed that competent people at the time did a good job in investigating her death.

One man cannot fight city hall alone, although I have tried and am still trying. There are enough living persons today who were involved in this case to testify. But how do we get them into court?

According to California law, suicide in any manner is a crime. Those persons who have arrived at this verdict have in a sense indicted Marilyn Monroe for murdering herself. It is still my opinion that if this case were properly reviewed, and it could be yet, and all parties were questioned under oath, and the facts presented to the public – Marilyn would be acquitted of having taken her own life.

I do know that there is a secret file stored away somewhere in downtown Los Angeles and that this contains information which could blast this case wide open.

Perhaps I am a lone beacon trying to cut through the thick fog and darkness surrounding the death of Marilyn Monroe – but after spending fifteen years and an outlay of nearly $40,000 on this investigation, I am not stopping. The reason is simple. There is no statute of limitations on murder.

And Marilyn Monroe, according to my findings, was murdered.♣

ALL WILL BE REVEALED...

. . . when you make certain of getting your copy of *Club International* by taking out a regular subscription. Not only will you be given the low-down on some of the loveliest ladies around, you'll be entertained in a manner that men of the world expect: the finest and most informative features, the most intriguing and erotic fiction, the funniest cartoons and, of course, letters that are enough to make the stamps curl! All you have to do is send off the money, and for the next 12 months, revelation will be yours. It's enough to make you tear apart at the seams . . .

Please send me the next twelve monthly issues of *Club International.* I enclose cheque/postal order/cash for £9.60 (United Kingdom) or £12.50 (Overseas). All cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., and all cash should be sent registered post. Cheques will be held pending clearance. Send this form to: The Subscription Manager, The National Magazine Co. Ltd., 22 Armoury Way, Wandsworth, London, SW18 1HA.

Name..

Address..

....

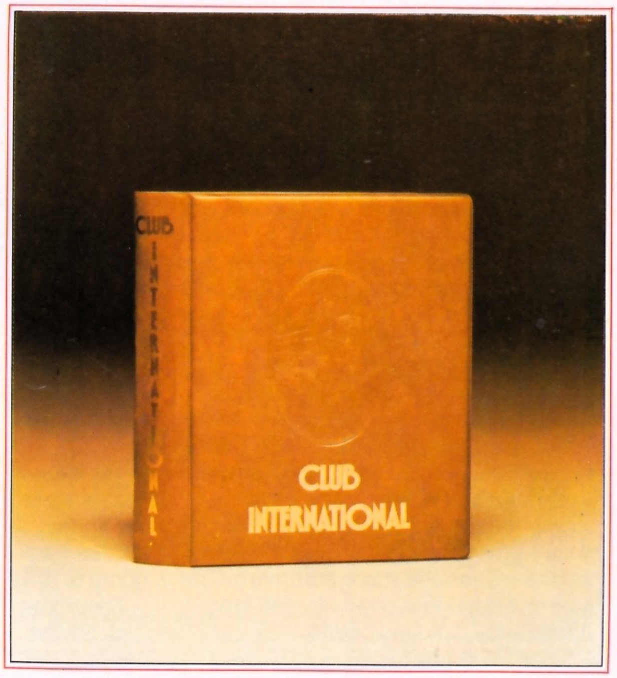
....

....

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE CI

I am over eighteen years of age.

Get bound up in Club International!



Club International is not a magazine to put aside. Issue by issue it builds up into the finest collection of erotic writing and daring, dazzling photography published in this country. Keep your issues in one of these elegant, easy to use binders made specially for us in top quality calf-grained PVC. They look good on your shelves, hold a dozen issues and maintain them in perfect condition for you to find any time. The cost: £2.95 – plus 60p for postage and packing. Start your own library of the finest erotica now. Send a crossed cheque or postal order to *Club International* Binders, Dept. 312, PO Box 80, Slough, SL3 8BN. Please make your cheque or postal order payable to: *Club International* Binders. Allow 28 days for delivery.

Please send me......binder(s). I enclose crossed cheque/PO for £............made payable to Club International Binders.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

....

....

....

Please send me......binder(s). I enclose crossed cheque/PO for £............made payable to Club International Binders.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

....

....

....

REVERSE CALL

continued from page 64

good, I can feel you now, *oooh,* faster now, darling, please faster. Jesus, it's big, I'm not sure it will go the whole way. Don't push too hard yet, darling, you can make me scream later. Steady now . . . Christ, the size of it, it's hard and I'm sure I can feel it throbbing. Gently now, darling, just a little more . . . Aaaah, you're right up now . . . right up . . . that's marvellous . . . move your arse . . . fuck me now . . . hard, hard . . . YES . . . YES . . .!"

He is lying limp in the bath exhausted from his efforts and when he pulls himself together she has hung up.

For the next two weeks the phone rings daily. She is back in town again, and each day is a new torment, a new delight, a new fear that she might not ring. Her daily words send him into a sexual frenzy as she elaborates more and more. The acts she describes so vividly and in such detail holds him spellbound.

Then his worst fears are realised. The calls stop.

For a month, complete agony of mind. He neglects his work, art class, wanders aimlessly around drinking far too much, and quarrelling with his friends both male and female. Finally she calls.

"Sorry, darling, couldn't ring you before, I had to go into hospital. Nothing serious, just a small appendix operation. I'm okay now and really randy for you.

"Take out your cock right away, darling. Oh, how I'd love to stroke it for you right now."

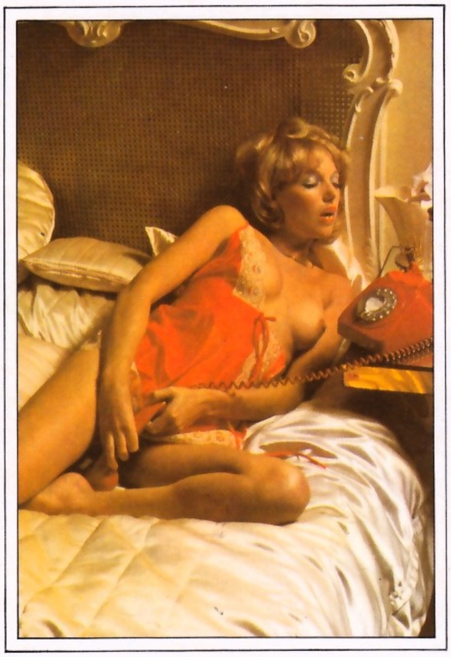
"My hand I'm sure is much softer and more gentle than yours. Ready now, darling? Good, get set to push it up between my hot open legs, that's right. Oh, that beautiful circumcised cock. I want it . . . I want it . . ."

His mind is reeling, he has had no chance to say a thing and there is the fear that she might hang up if he tries. The thoughts race on.

"You're quiet, darling. I haven't spoken for almost a minute. Are you concentrating on the job in hand?"

Her rippling laughter came over the phone.

"Hurry now, darling, I'm all worked up and you're way up inside me. Push hard now, darling . . . harder . . . I haven't come for such a long while. I want to come now . . . I need it so badly, yes . . .



yes . . .I'm there . . .there . . ."

He knows she is gone and replaces the receiver, alone with his thoughts.

All that had plagued him before comes back into focus. This woman is going to drive him crazy.

Returning to art class the model who had always seemed attractive before appears unkempt and uninspiring.

His pencil line draws things he can't really see. A long slit between her thighs, nipples that are proud and appear engorged with blood, a bottom full and hairy. The venus mound that had previously looked delicate, now looks firm, strong and virile; the preponderance of hair there, and the small scar make it look almost obscene.

The drawing finished, he contemplates it with something akin to horror. What in God's name has he drawn? Ripping it quickly from the board he crumples it into his pocket. This cannot be left for prying eyes.

The next effort is more like the model. At the conclusion he gathers up his things and together with the drawing, proceeds to leave.

"Mr. Kelly . . ."

It is his model, now dressed and with her coat draped about her shoulders.

"May I have a word with you, please? I just have to finalise my bookings but it will only take a few minutes."

Unable to understand this sudden and surprising request, he mumbles, "Okay, I'll wait for you in the local, buy you a drink."

When she arrives her right fist is clenched tight. "Christ!" he thinks. "She's going to land me one."

She looks steadily at him for several seconds, then throws a scrap of paper on to the table in front of him.

"You did that, didn't you? I know you did. It fell from your pocket."

The colour rushes to his cheeks as he recognises the crumpled drawing.

"I'm sorry," he stammers, "as I told you before, I'm not quite myself. I apologise, please believe me. You don't look like that, I was carried away."

She smiles at him, sitting down beside him at the table.

"Tell me about it. I asked you once before. I might be able to help."

He finds himself telling her everything. It starts hesitantly at first, but the relief at being able at last to confide in someone gets the better of him and it all comes out. Some details are left out because of a feeling of revulsion at himself, the weakness on his part for not slamming down the phone, but the effect the calls have had are immediately obvious to her.

"So, you have absolutely no idea who it is?"

"None at all, I've racked my brains again and again but I haven't the slightest."

"What will you do if you find out?"

"I really don't know. Naturally I'd love to meet her, I suppose after all this time I want that more than anything. She's got at me so that I just can't put her out of my mind for a minute. Of course," he adds, blushingly, "I haven't told you everything that has passed between us."

"Look," she said, "why don't you come back to my flat and we'll lay some of your frustrations to rest. I know I'm not going to be as horny as your 'heavy breather' but I'm sure I'll manage to cool your temperature a little."

"A charitable gesture. Shall we take your car or mine?"

On reaching the apartment block she handed him her doorkey.

"It's number 14 on the first floor. Let yourself in and pour us both a drink while I garage the car."

He did as he was asked and the clink of the decanter against his scotch glass was soon interrupted by the buzz of the entry-phone. He snatched it off the hook and listened to the silky smooth voice at the other end. It wasn't his phone call lover but his new sympathiser was beginning to get to the root of the problem.

"Hi, there! I hope you're going to let me in . . . Not just into my flat but into your pants! I want to lay my hand around your throbbing prick and nurse it into my pulsing pussy . . ."

"You're good medicine, honey. Get up here fast!" ♣

We know 6 Girls who are waiting to meet you!

If you're looking for your ideal partner . . . Someone who'd have all the characteristics *you* prefer. Age . . . Height . . . Appearance. Someone who likes to do the things you like to do, go to the places you like to go, and much, much more. Dateline can find her!

Dateline International is a Computer Dating Service with over 80,000 members right now! We know at least six women who would love to meet you *now*! Six women whose personalities and interests complement your own.

Meet the woman you've always dreamed about – Post the Coupon today!

Dateline International, 23 Abingdon Road, London W8 01-937 6503

Please send me completely free and without any obligation, details about the amazing Dateline computer introduction service. I enclose a first class stamp.

(BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

First Name ____________________

Surname ____________________ Age ________

Address ____________________

____

____

Mail today!: Dateline International, 23 Abingdon Road, London W8 or phone 01-937 6503

CBD

Dateline

helps you meet the people you'd like to meet

FANTASTIC VIBRATING OFFERS

The lowest prices in Britain
Four vibrators that are a big turn on for both men and women at very special prices.

7" DE LUXE MODEL
Standard penis size and shape and powered by U11 batteries.
Usually £3.00
OUR PRICE £1.50

GIANT 10" WHOPPER
Superb model that is guaranteed to turn on any woman.
Usually £4.95
OUR PRICE £2.25

2 SPEED 10" WONDER BOY
This fantastic two speed model can be speeded up along with the action. Usually £7.00
OUR PRICE £3.50

NON DOCTOR DE LUXE
This super version of the famous non doctor is probably the best in the world. Strong and superbly made it has 5 different heads, all specially designed for your pleasure – do not confuse this model with the standard non-doctor. Usually £10.50 OUR PRICE £6.50

EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER
All four vibrators will really add spice to your sex life and can be yours for just £12.50

HOW TO ORDER: MAIL ORDER TO KELERFERN LIMITED, 34 UPTON LANE, FOREST GATE, LONDON, E.7 or call in person at either:–
East London: The Private Shop, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate London, E.7.
South London: The Whitehouse Shop, 1539 London Road, Norbury, S.W.16

ORDER FORM COUPON Please supply (tick)

☐ 7" DE LUXE at £1.50
☐ 2-SPEED 10" at £3.50
☐ GIANT 10" at £2.25
☐ NON DOCTOR DE LUXE at £6.50
☐ ALL 4 AT THE SPECIAL OFFER PRICE £12.50

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

POST TO KELERFERN, (DEPT CI) 34 UPTON LANE, FOREST GATE, LONDON E.7
All prices include VAT and carriage and will be despatched by return under plain cover.

AFTER YOUR FLIGHT

(OR BUSY BUSINESS DAY)...

relax with a professional massage in the privacy of your hotel room, flat or house.

Before engaging a masseuse we insist that she should be

- **attractive looking**
- **intelligent and well-spoken**
- **well-dressed**
- **23-33 years old**

If she meets these qualifications, then we find out how good she is at her job. In fact, all of our young ladies are qualified professional masseuses.

Nationalities? English, Japanese, Scottish, German, South African, Jewish, Chinese, Vietnamese, Polish, Persian. All races, all colours—but all cultured, all very, very good.

KITTENS **24 HOURS VISITING MASSAGE**

01-373 1102

BERKELEY'S VISITING MASSAGE

WILL RELAX YOU IN YOUR HOTEL OR HOME ANYTIME

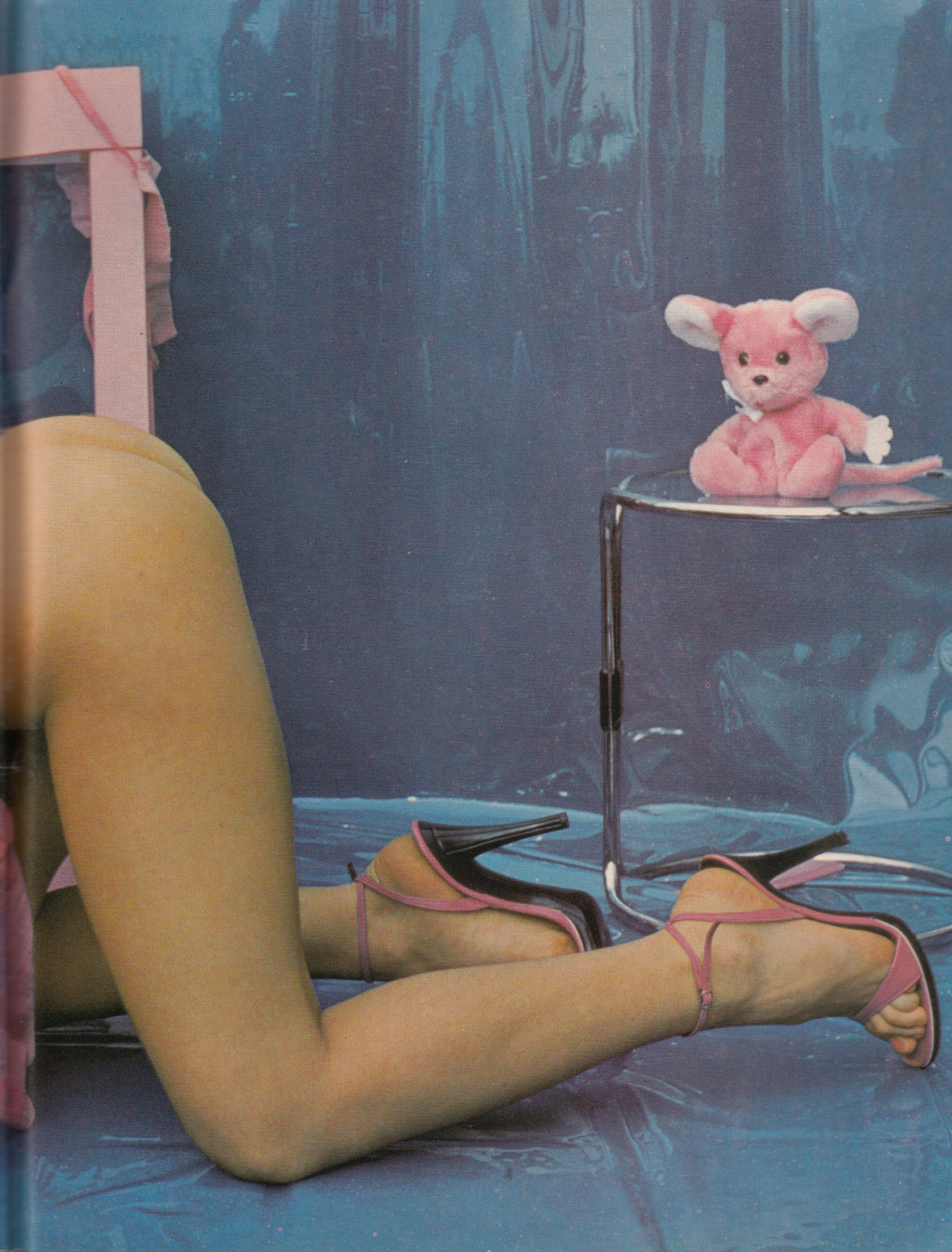
24 HOUR SERVICE

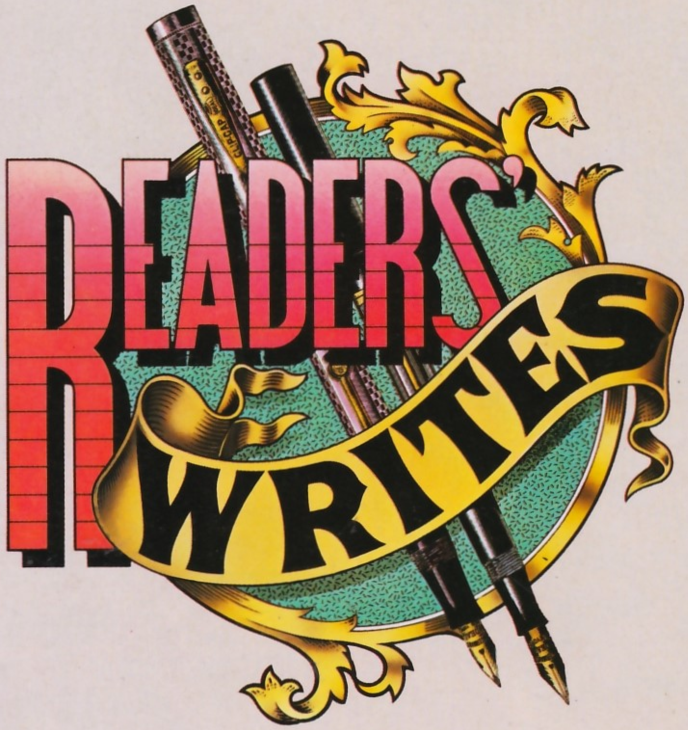
TELEPHONE

01-222 6255/6

Raquel

Photographs by
Tiny Montgomery





READERS' WRITES

An Uplifting Story

Sir: For years a favourite dream of mine has been to screw a chick in a lift. If I'm ever in a lift by myself and some bird gets in on her own, I get an overwhelming urge, a really *frightening* urge, to push her up against the wall, strip off her clothes, and screw her then and there. On the floor or up against the wall standing, I just don't mind which, the wonderful slow movement of the lift, the hum of the motors, (very sexual I find them) and the steady knocking of the counterweights, all these things really go together and make my fantasy wild.

Naturally my biggest problem is ensuring that there would be no interruptions, such as stopping at the eighth floor for Ladies Underwear, but I convince myself that this could be overcome by holding one finger on the button, if we're standing up and fucking; or placing my foot, or better still hers, on the same place.

By the time we reach the top floor, she's come three times, and I've come twice (it's a very slow lift): we have had time to adjust our dress and walk out calmly into the crowd of people waiting to descend. We grin at them secure in the knowledge that none of them realise what has happened, and experience a sense of elation at having outfoxed them all.

Many times I've tried to get one of my girlfriends to let me poke her in a lift, but they all seemed to be scared, that is all except Nora.

We were spending this weekend at an hotel, a small place in Brighton that was all we could find at the last moment. It was a four-floor place and yes, it had a lift. A small, poky (sorry!) one, but nevertheless a lift.

All weekend I tried to persuade Nora to let me fuck her in this little lift. It was too tiny to lay her down on the floor, but I was more than ready to settle for the old knee-trembler. But Nora wouldn't have it, said we'd get caught and be thrown out, which surprised me somewhat as Nora loves to fuck in almost any place.

Anyway, on the Sunday night, I took her to dinner, plied her with wine until she was drunk and after getting a taxi home managed to get her into the lift. There was no-one about and in no time at all I had her pants off and tights down. She was so drunk she kept slipping down to the floor and finally became wedged there, back up against the wall, legs stretched out in front.

After several attempts to get her upright I was at last successful, and inserting the old brute, pressed the button and began to bang away. The first few strokes were fantastic, then without warning Nora suddenly vomited what must have been the entire contents of her stomach all over me. The mess was dreadful, the smell diabolical and to make matters worse, on reaching our floor and trying to get her out, I slipped and we both fell with one hell of a bang.

Luckily we managed to get to our room, clean up and go to bed, but ever since then, although I still fantasise on the same theme, I now turn the girl around!

J. S., Kidbrooke.

Readers wishing to contribute should write to: Readers' Writes, Club International, Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HE. Readers should state, if they wish their names withheld.

French Treat

Sir: Not so long ago I went on a package tour to Paris: it was one of those 'quickie' jobs.

We were only staying two days and in the morning I went up to my room after breakfast to find the maid still making the bed. As she bent over, the sight brought me to a standstill, for she wasn't wearing any knickers or panties at all, just nothing. As she bent over the bed I could see straight up her fleshy thighs framed by a forest of hair which surrounded her fat, bulging pubis. I nearly fainted!

Rubber Lady

SHE'S YOUR VERY OWN PLAY-GIRL

WE ARE THE SOLE DISTRIBUTORS OF THE N.L.R.P. RUBBER WOMAN

There are times in any man's life when he does not happen to have a suitable sympathetic sex partner or when you want to avoid the complications of a romantic entanglement.

At such times the Rubber Lady is ready and always willing to afford you the deep relaxation and full satisfaction which is every man's birthright. Rubber Lady arrives in discreet, neutral packaging. It takes only a few minutes of simple preparation until she lies invitingly before you: lifelike, made of soft, skin-textured latex and complete with elegantly-styled hair. She has a million-dollar figure and full, round breasts with aroused, erect nipples.

A real woman, from her sympathetic face to her realistic pubic hair. Her soft, inviting vagina is very deep and always ready to receive you, her demanding lover.

And it's you who calls the tune, whichever position you care to choose, your Rubber-Lady is always available, always ready to give you relief and relaxation. There is even a fully realistic anus, and Rubber Lady will not complain if you should want to experiment with her!

As an extra refinement, you can vary the grip of the vagina instantly during intercourse, without interrupting your body contact in any way.

It goes without saying that everything can afterwards be cleaned quickly and easily.

Don't hesitate—you too, deserve a Rubber-Lady of your own! Rubber Lady is waiting for you—don't keep the lady waiting!

Pay Cash on Delivery

HURRY— PRICE ***MUST*** GO UP SOON!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

THREE MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM

£28.75 plus 75p p.p.

OUR OWN EXCLUSIVE DESIGN FEATURES

- ✱ REAL HAIR-EYE LASHES !
- ✱ FULL LENGTH HAIR—CHOOSE YOUR OWN COLOUR!
- ✱ MATCHING BUSHY PUBIC HAIRS!
- ✱ AIR POWERED MOUTH AND LIPS!
- ✱ HUMAN SIZE PRESSURIZED VAGINA!!
- ✱ ANUS AND RECTUM!
- ✱ FIRM SMOOTH BREASTS AND PROTRUDING NIPPLES!
- ✱ RUBBER PUMP—INFLATES HER INSTANTLY!
- ✱ SHE OPENS HER LEGS AT THE TOUCH OF YOUR FINGERS!
- ✱ 100% LIFE LIKE!!! SHE HAS EVERYTHING!

North London
Rubber Products (CI),
12 Newington Green Rd.,
London N1.

Gentlemen Please rush me by return of post I understand she comes complete with all female built in features

☐ *Blonde Woman*
☐ *Brunette Woman*
☐ *Dark Woman*

I enclose £1 to cover post, packing and C O D charges and will pay £28 75 cash on delivery

Signature

I enclose £28 75p and 75p P&P
Please send my woman today

Signature

NAME

ADDRESS

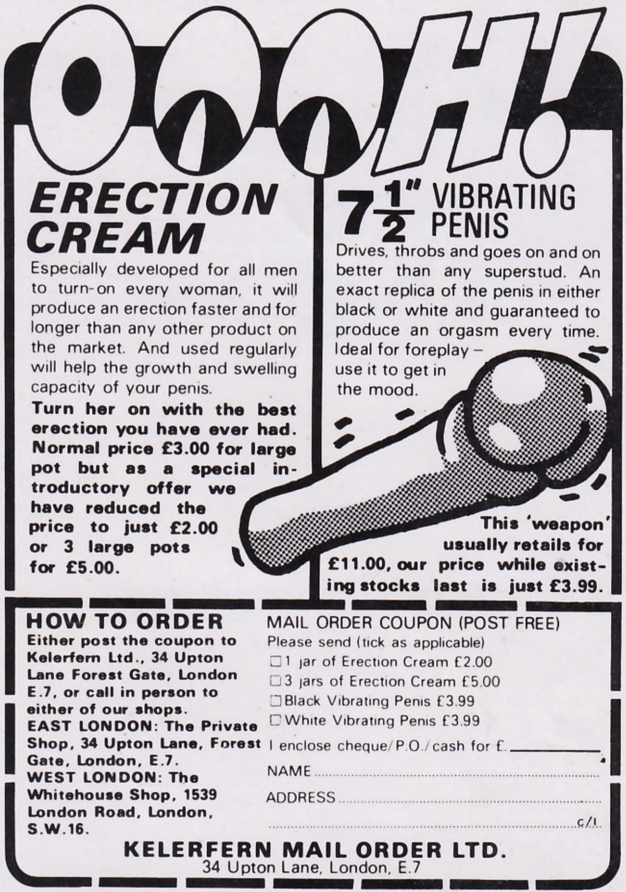
IMPORTANT

SHE IS NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH CHEAP MODELS BEING SOLD

©

Guaranteed money back if not satisfied with delivery

SEX AIDS! Send 20p stamp for brochures



OOOH!

ERECTION CREAM

Especially developed for all men to turn-on every woman, it will produce an erection faster and for longer than any other product on the market. And used regularly will help the growth and swelling capacity of your penis.

Turn her on with the best erection you have ever had. Normal price £3.00 for large pot but as a special introductory offer we have reduced the price to just £2.00 or 3 large pots for £5.00.

7½" VIBRATING PENIS

Drives, throbs and goes on and on better than any superstud. An exact replica of the penis in either black or white and guaranteed to produce an orgasm every time. Ideal for foreplay – use it to get in the mood.

This 'weapon' usually retails for £11.00, our price while existing stocks last is just £3.99.

HOW TO ORDER

Either post the coupon to Kelerfern Ltd., 34 Upton Lane Forest Gate, London E.7, or call in person to either of our shops.

EAST LONDON: The Private Shop, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London, E.7.

WEST LONDON: The Whitehouse Shop, 1539 London Road, London, S.W.16.

MAIL ORDER COUPON (POST FREE)
Please send (tick as applicable)
☐ 1 jar of Erection Cream £2.00
☐ 3 jars of Erection Cream £5.00
☐ Black Vibrating Penis £3.99
☐ White Vibrating Penis £3.99
I enclose cheque/P.O./cash for £
NAME
ADDRESS
C/I.

KELERFERN MAIL ORDER LTD.
34 Upton Lane, London, E.7

HOT CHERRY

Cherry is hot, ripe and waiting just for you. And she will never let you down when you need her most, just think no more lonely nights.

Cherry is a beautiful blue eyed blonde doll that can be yours to keep forever, and she has a fantastic 38-26-36 body and a perfectly formed vagina.

THIS IS THE DOLL THAT OTHER COMPANIES ARE SELLING FOR BETWEEN £14.00 – £24.00 – DON'T BE TAKEN – YOU CAN BUY EXACTLY THE SAME DOLL, IN EVERY DETAIL, **FROM US FOR JUST £10.95 INC. VAT AND CARRIAGE.**

ONLY G+B BOOKS CAN MAKE YOU THIS VERY SPECIAL OFFER BECAUSE WE ARE THE UKs LARGEST IMPORTER OF DOLLS.

All orders are sent by return of post under plain cover.

ONLY £10·95

Kurt Johanson (Dept C I)
228 Green Street, Forest Gate,
London E.7. Callers Welcome.

Mon – Fri 10.00-5.30pm (Thurs 8 pm) Sat 3.45pm
Two minutes Upton Park District line tube.

ALICE WILL TAKE YOU INTO WONDERLAND

Phone Alice on

01-486 4263

VISITING MASSAGE

READERS' WRITES

When she saw me looking at her she gave me a slight smile, but carried on making up the bed, either unaware of or unperturbed by the fact that she was exposing herself.

My prick shot straight to attention the moment I saw all revealed, and upon close inspection I noticed the pink running up the centre of her curly bush. Swiftly I crept down behind her and stuck a swift kiss on her furry cunt.

Like a tornado she whirled round and planted a left hook on me with all her might. My head sang, my eyes watered, and I had to fall back into an armchair to recover my senses. She looked at me again with the tantalising look that only continentals can achieve, and went on with her work. She continued, however, to display that lovely pussy to my view – so near but seemingly, so unobtainable.

Once I tried to stand up and face her, but the look she gave me was so ferocious that I immediately sat down again and kept quiet.

Her duties completed, believe it or not, she strode to the door, stood with legs wide spread and lifted her skirt to give me an eyeful of that delicious pink pussy – then slammed the door behind her.

The next morning I stayed in my room, missing breakfast, hoping against hope for an encore, but when the maid came to do the room, she was old enough to be the other girl's grandmother. When I asked where the other little girl was, I was told that it was her day off, but that she'd be back next day.

Shit, I had to come back home and can now only fantasise on what could have happened if we had met again.
M.K., Windsor.

Wrendevous
Sir: Whilst in the Royal Navy during my National Service several years ago, I became friendly with a Wren officer working in my department. We were both the same rank, Lieutenant, and finally she agreed to date me on our next day off.

She wanted to sight-see the local area and I at once agreed, and after a day's ramble, Farmer's Lunch at a pub and a visit to the local castle, I took her to dinner.

After dinner we knew each other well enough for me to suggest that as we both had pass-outs, we take a room at a local hotel for the night. At first she refused, but after several more drinks, some more persuading and a little gentle petting she agreed.

Less than an hour later we were in the hotel room, and it took about a minute to get our coats off.

I took her in my arms and gave her a really deep french kiss. She did not demur, and as my tongue plunged wildly around in her mouth, I reached into her shirt and rubbed her pink tittie tips, which rose to my touch.

I soon had her shirt all the way off and was sucking those beautiful boobs until she was panting like a train taking a gradient. Reaching down I slipped my hand inside her slacks, finding her pussy nice and wet. I laid her down gently on the bed and began to explore her sex, trying to locate the 'man in the boat'. She continued to respond and we were soon naked.

She made no fuss as I slipped my prick inside her, she worked at the fucking just as hard as I did, and we soon climaxed together. Then she suggested that we took a bath together.

Once in the slipper bath she grabbed at my cock, almost lifting me out of the water by it, but when it was above water level she began to lather my cock and balls. She soon had me 'squeaky' clean, and as I watched she douched and cleaned herself carefully.

After drying one another, we returned to the bedroom. She resisted me when I again tried to insert my prick after playing with her 'fur piece' and getting her wet again.

"If you'll kiss me there," she said pointing to her bush, "I'll take yours in my mouth." This took me by surprise as in those days the only woman who had sucked my prick was a pro whom I had visited at my last station.

We had drunk plenty while waiting for dinner, so I thought, 'What the hell?'

"Well?" she asked archly.

"Why not?" I answered.

"Do you want me to start, or do you want to do me?"

"You first," I replied.

She began kissing my chest and slowly worked her way down to my stomach, almost to my throbbing, pulsing cock. She then dropped her head to just above my knees and licked my thighs and as my erect muscle felt it must surely explode she took it between her hands.

Lowering her head slowly she gently flicked her tongue around the rosy head, and then with a sigh of sheer joy took it all in her mouth. I exploded at once, but she kept it between her lips until she had drained every last drop.

Then she lay flat on the bed, her stomach up and her legs spread wide. I took position between her legs and closed my eyes. She placed her palms at the side of my head, and, with a joyous sigh, started to pull me to her 'honey-pot'. I opened my eyes and sat up.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Have you ever seen what that thing looks like close up?" I asked. "I couldn't possibly put my tongue into that!"

She pleaded with me to do it, saying I wasn't being fair, telling me I was a hell of a gentleman not to keep my word, finally giving me her opinion of my ancestry. It was to no avail. I'd fucked several women up to that time but had never had a good close look at their cunts. My first sight appalled me. Needless to say that little Wren flew the nest at once.

It was several years after that I awoke one night after a good drinking session to find my head between a girl's legs. This one was a powerful lady with very strong legs. She just wouldn't let go until I had eaten her. That was my first time and I must admit that I closed my eyes. After that first time, however, I needed no further urging, and found that eating a nice clean pussy is just as good as fucking it.
J.S., Worthing.

Casual Meeting
Sir: I once courted a girl for twelve months, and we went to bed quite often, but after the first flush had worn off, we just shagged, and that was all. I have a few girlfriends who will do a turn, and when I go to bed with one of those, it's always exciting and new. They've learned something and so have I. No two girls screw the same way, and I suppose it's the same with men.

Take Rose for example. We have a bed date about once a month, when we compare notes. She tells me the new things that have happened to her, and I tell her what has happened to me. These bedroom conversations are very stimulating, especially when you are fingering and touching each other up at the same time.

VIRGINIA'S

VISITING MASSAGE

JUST FOR YOU

∞∞

01 359 6415

ALL NATIONALITIES

∞∞

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

24 HOURS

West End - same old girls, high prices, poor service

TRY SOMETHING NEW

A New Sauna with VERY PRETTY girls who have been chosen for their FRIENDLY personality; and very reasonable prices.
We guarantee if you come once, you'll come again and again.

Colour TV Lounge
Private Rooms
Free Drinks
Topless Massage
Special VIP Service
Two Girl Massage

Visiting Massage Service available

Bring this ad for a FREE SAUNA

NEW PARK SAUNA

NEW SAUNA · NEW GIRLS
NEW MANAGEMENT

769 Romford Road, London E12
11am – 10.30 pm Monday-Saturday
11.30 am – 8 pm Sundays

01·553 0745/2

OPEN SAT & SUN

Topless Massage Beautiful Girls

Exciting personal massage in a friendly relaxed atmosphere by our special, young, attractive female masseuses. Superb new luxurious club offering an intimate, exclusive service.

COME AND ENJOY YOURSELF!

Prices from **£5**

TRY OUR SPECIAL TOPLESS VIP!

Open seven days a week
11am-1.00am Call or ring now – no appointment necessary

Centre Sauna

12-18 Crown Hill,
Croydon, Surrey.
Tel: 01-680 3523/01-681 3301
Above Focus Cinema – 5 minutes East or West Croydon Stations.
Just off Brighton Road at George St
Visiting service available – also topless hairdressing.

---

hoT line fun set.

*Keep all lines open when you wear our latest **HOT LINE** set - the outfit consists of a peep-hole halter neck bra matched with exposé divided leg pantie in sheer Nudette Nylon plus a matching garter suspender belt with sheer black nylons*

be prepared for the engaged signal when you wear the Hot Line!

Sizes: **32"** to **42"** bust
(Please also state stocking size)
Colours: **Black, Red, White.**
Price: **£5.50 per set +30p p&p**

SATIN OPEN CROTCH PANTIES

The ultimate in sensuous pleasure
Colours: **Black, Hot Orange, Purple.**
Price: W – **£1.65 +20p p&p**
WX – **£1.75 +20p p&p**

FREE glamourwear catalogue with order. Catalogue only – **send 35p**

Giro A/C No. 501 6258
ACCESS accepted – send signature, address & number.

☎ *ACCESS holders can also phone orders to 01-521 6684 (24 hour Answering Service)*

ESTELLE (CLUB 5)
82 High St. London E17 7LD

Sophisticats

Visiting massage

24 hour service

629 2481

Visiting Massage

CAROLINE'S

Beautiful masseuses make your pleasure, their business.

24 hours tel: 555 2933

Serene

Visiting massage by attractive young qualified masseuses and masseurs anytime on

992 8751

NOW OPEN

LONDON'S NEWEST AND BEST SAUNA & MASSAGE CLUB

A super luxury sauna with London's loveliest girls

Owned and run by girls for MEN . . . . . Girls who have been carefully chosen for their looks and personality and really take an interest in *you*.

WE HOPE TO SEE YOU VERY SOON

ASSISTED HERBAL BATH

TOPLESS MASSAGE

SPECIAL V.I.P.

and our very special FRENCH CONTINENTAL

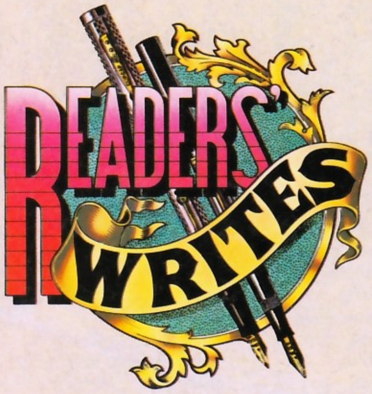
NICOLE SAUNA

241 KENTISH TOWN ROAD
LONDON N.W.5
01~485 0607/8084

11 a.m.–12 p.m. Monday to Saturday.
Sunday 11.30 a.m.–9 p.m.
(Nearest station, Kentish Town – Northern Line)

BRING THIS ADVERT WITH YOU FOR A DISCOUNT ON OUR PRICES

VISITING MASSAGE SERVICE AVAILABLE



I once went out with a coloured girl, and when I was telling Rose about it, fucking her fanny at the same time, she climaxed violently, stopping my chatting her up with a strong kiss, her hand forcing mine into her groin.

She then made me tell her again, while she sucked my cock. She was especially interested in the colour of my skin, and how it looked with the white next to the black. She confessed to me that she would just love to be shagged by a coloured cock, so I produced from a drawer a black condom, putting it on my prick and, when screwing her, telling her that I was a big coloured guy, fucking her wet hole. When she had come and was relaxed, she told me about a man she had been with who just wouldn't screw her. He just wanted to kiss and caress her into climax after climax. When she was finished and satisfied, he would wank over her tits. That got me really turned on, and so I did the same thing, felt and kissed her to a climax, and tossed myself off on to her breasts.

In a way I suppose Rose and I are in love, but I can't see us ever forming a lasting relationship. For the moment it's purely sexual, we are compatible in bed, she certainly likes my cock, and I most certainly like her juicy pussy. She was, after all, the first girl to fellate me.

She had been telling me about a man she had met, and he had made her suck his cock, holding her head so that she couldn't escape when he shot his load into her. The very thought of her soft lips on my rampant prick made me really randy, so I asked her to go down on me.

To my surprise she refused, saying that I would have to force her to do a thing like that. So I did. I put my prick in her mouth, fingered her pussy, especially her clit, and she soon began to enjoy it.

I didn't have to hold her head any longer, she began to moan and wail, panting at me not to stop, and as I shot my whole load into her open mouth, she sucked all of me down with genuine relish.

Another of my casual girlfriends, Terry, always likes to be fucked from the rear, doggie fashion. She loves to feel my hairs scratching her buttocks when I'm right up her. I often feel that she'd like me to go into next door as well, but I'm prepared to wait until she asks me.

She loves to have her tits played with whilst she's being fucked, and from the rear I can really get at her tits, nipping, pulling and caressing them until I feel they will start to spurt milk.

The biggest snag is that I like to kiss the chick I'm poking. I can't remember who it was that said, 'the difference between humans and animals came about when man turned his woman over and kissed her as he went into her'; well, I like that, but it's a bit of a strain trying to kiss a bird when you're fucking her from the rear. The consolation is that she likes it, because the penetration is more complete.

For the finale, another chick I know likes it in front of a mirror. She opens her wardrobe, tunes in the mirror and lies on the bed watching us at it. She tells me she loves to see my hairy balls banging against her wet fanny: loves to see my buttocks pulse as I thrust high up into her, but never likes me to shoot outside her (unless it's in her mouth). She just jacks every spark of come inside her as she orgasms.

From one bird I pick up a few tricks and I take them to the next, and so on... I must be learning something...
T.R., Devonport.

Having a Ball!

Sir: A few months ago my wife (Jill) and I were talking about taking more advantage of all the 'fun things' that have happened in our lives. Such as: since we have moved to Surrey, we have joined a nudist camp and become what we call real swingers.

One weekend last month we really started to make up for what we both consider as being lost time. Two young boys of about 19 came to practise tennis. They were both from the local technical college and were eager to brush up their game. Jill, I think on purpose, started taking her shower with the bathroom window open from the bottom. She couldn't see out, but anyone else in that corner of the house could see in.

I knew that sooner or later the boys would figure out what the noise meant, and indeed who was causing it; it would naturally follow that they would want to look in. Under the circumstances, I excused myself and walked away. As soon as I did, Tom and Arthur (their names) were at that window, all eyes, whispers and remarks; all, of course, in very low key.

Afterwards Jill told me she had heard Tom say that he wished he could shove his big hard cock up into that lovely wet pussy right now.

"Jesus," said Arthur, "I bet she's a real fox. Look at those tits! They must be at least 38, maybe 40. Christ, I want to wank just looking at her; do you think she can see us looking?"

Before either could reply Jill called out, "38D!"

The boys both looked shocked and I came back from the other room looking as if I didn't know what was going on. I told the lads to go into the kitchen and get themselves something to eat. Then, feeling turned on myself, I called to Jill, asking her to come from the bathroom and walk through the kitchen with nothing on.

The look on the boys' faces was something to behold. They oggled Jill as she walked past them, splaying her feet wide so that no part of her could be missed.

She calmly asked them if they'd like to take a further shower with her, "All three of us," she said.

After some mumbling and stuttering they agreed with alacrity, and adjourned to the shower. I took pictures while Jill soaped Tom up and down. His prick was rampant and as hard as rock, and he was trying to stuff Jill from the moment she laid hands on it.

She avoided him, however, and, going down on him, took him in her mouth. Arthur was smarter. While Jill was sucking off Tom, he crept up behind and before she knew what was happening, had thrust his rod deep into her, grabbing her hips and forcing her back on his prick.

Jill lost control – Arthur was really fucking her, his prick going in and out nineteen to the dozen. I got the impression that he thought she would try to force him out and he wanted to shoot his load first.

Jill did no such thing! She was bucking and gyrating, moaning as he thrust up into her, putting her hands behind her, hauling on his hips to ensure he stayed inside. Tom had come all over her face, possibly at seeing Arthur's action, but with a squeal from Jill and a heave from Arthur, all three collapsed on the floor.

They'd had a ball all right!
C. Davidson, Catterick.

LONDON'S MOST LUXURIOUS BLUE CINEMA CLUB

Fed up with the cheap and nasty film clubs, small screens and dingy basements – then come to the finest Cinema Club around.

Two very luxurious, big screen cinemas under one roof, both showing the best All American porno movies – 2 hour full length colour and sound made with million dollar budgets.

MEMBERSHIP JUST £1

Join the finest Cinema Club bar none and also take advantage of the Drinking Club

NEW BLUE

Exciting Cinema Club

18 Greek Street, London W1.
01-437 3447
3 minutes Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square
10 am-10 pm Mon-Sat
2 pm-10 pm Sunday

JUST **£4.95**

boxed inc. batteries

WHIPLASH

VARIABLE SPEED 8" VIBRATOR

This super new vibrator can be varied in speed from very slow to very fast indeed – faster than any other vibro on the market today. It's top speed really will send any man or woman wild with delight. Just £4.95 boxed including batteries. Sold elsewhere for £10.00 – £15.00.

KELERFERN (Dept CI)
34 Upton Lane,
Forest Gate, London E.7.

CALLERS WELCOME

CHIC

attractive visiting masseuses VIP service

round the clock

609 3259

LOVE HARMONY AIDS

LIMITED OFFER: Deduct 10% off ALL prices NOW! Enclose this advert to claim reduction.

LUBRICATED PROTECTIVES	
12 New COLOURS	£1.10
12 Extra BLACKS	£1.10
48 DUREX Gossamer	£3.25
36 Nuform/Fetherlite	£3.25
39 Scandinavian MIX	£3.00
INTERNATIONAL Seltn.	£2.50
BOOKS etc.	
Love POSITIONS	£2.50
Art of ORAL Love	£2.50
Sexual Harmony Ill'std.	£3.25
Fun n' Harmony Aids Catalogue	20p
CREAMS, SPRAYS Etc.	
Delay Spray for Men	£2.10
Long-Stay Delay Cream	£2.80
Female Arousal Cream	£2.80
Male Development Cream	£3.00
100 Vit. 'E' Capsules	£1.10
SPECIAL Items	
8 Exotic TICKLERS	£2.40
Clitoral Stimulator	£2.20
Padded Sheath	£3.60
Extension Sheath	£1.60
Crutchless Panties	£1.25
Also 10" Super Vibrator	£2.75
or 7" Mini-vib.	£1.60
or 12" GIANT vib.	£3.75
NON-DOCTOR Vib. – 4 Interchangeable Heads –	£4.75

SUMMIT DISTRIBUTIONS LTD.
Tamworth (C9), Staffs. B79 7SP.

For Peak Performance

For peak performance contact Associated Preparations, mailing agents for Blakoe Ltd – Britains premier sex-health care company. The best and most discreet service available. Full range of male/female marital aids – the world famous **Blakoe Energiser** – the **Powermaster** for penile development, sheaths, vibrators etc. All products are research backed and quality tested – full money back guarantee if not satisfied.

Special Offer

Durex Contraceptives – just compare these post free prices

Gossamer	36 for £1.20
Nu-Form	24 for £1.20
Fetherlite	24 for £1.20
Black Shadow	24 for £1.50
Fiesta (Multicolour)	24 for £1.50

For those who want a better and healthier life at work and play – it's only as far as your post box.

blakoe

Write for full lists of all products
Associated Preparations
(Dept C1)
P.O. Box 53, Cheam,
Surrey SM2 7HB

You'll love it

MIRELLA OF LONDON

VISITING MASSAGE

01-373 6391

* NEW CELEBRITY *

Super Sauna & Massage

TOPLESS MASSAGE

THE ULTIMATE IN LUXURY

~ Completely Unisex ~

Impulse Showers Vibro's Solerium

FREE DRINKS

Scotch Gin Brandy etc,

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

VISITING SERVICE AVAILABLE

01 580 3546

PAUL RAYMOND
of London
FOR YOUR EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT !

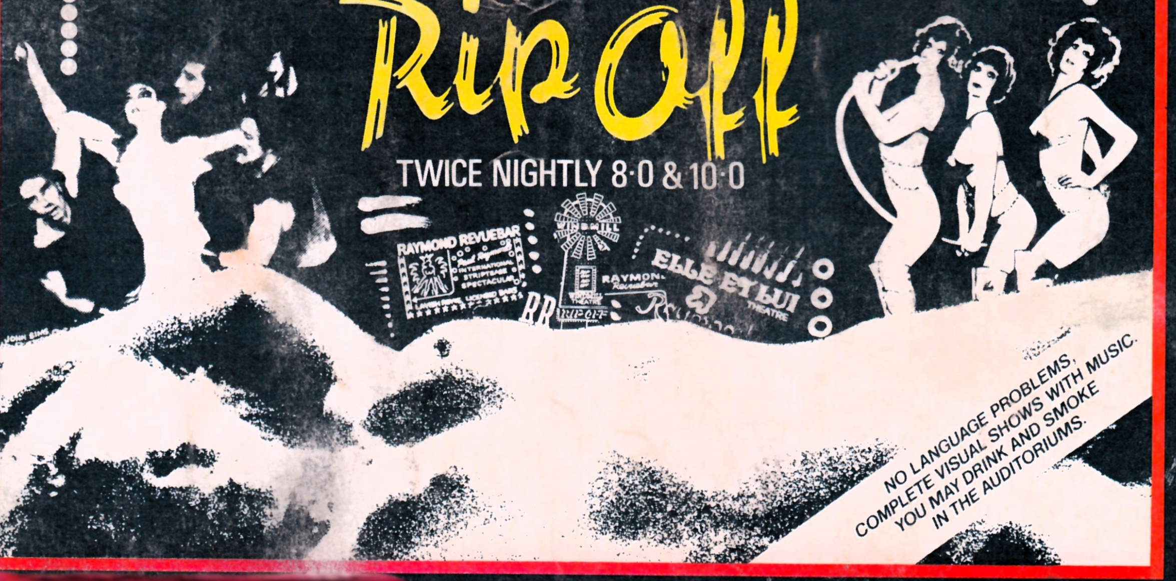
ELLE ET LUI
THEATRE
WALKER'S CT., BREWER ST., W.1 TEL: 01-437 2661
An Erotic Adventure in French Pornography
PENETRATION
TWICE NIGHTLY 8·15 & 10·15 OPEN SUNDAY

★

Raymond Revuebar
THEATRE
WALKER'S CT., BREWER ST., W.1 TEL: 01-734 1593
THE FESTIVAL OF EROTICA
THREE TIMES NIGHTLY AT 7·0 9·0 & 11·0 OPEN SUNDAY

★

WINDMILL
THEATRE
WINDMILL ST., W.1 TEL: 01-437 6312
The Erotic Experience of the Modern Era
Rip Off
TWICE NIGHTLY 8·0 & 10·0



NO LANGUAGE PROBLEMS,
COMPLETE VISUAL SHOWS WITH MUSIC.
YOU MAY DRINK AND SMOKE
IN THE AUDITORIUMS.